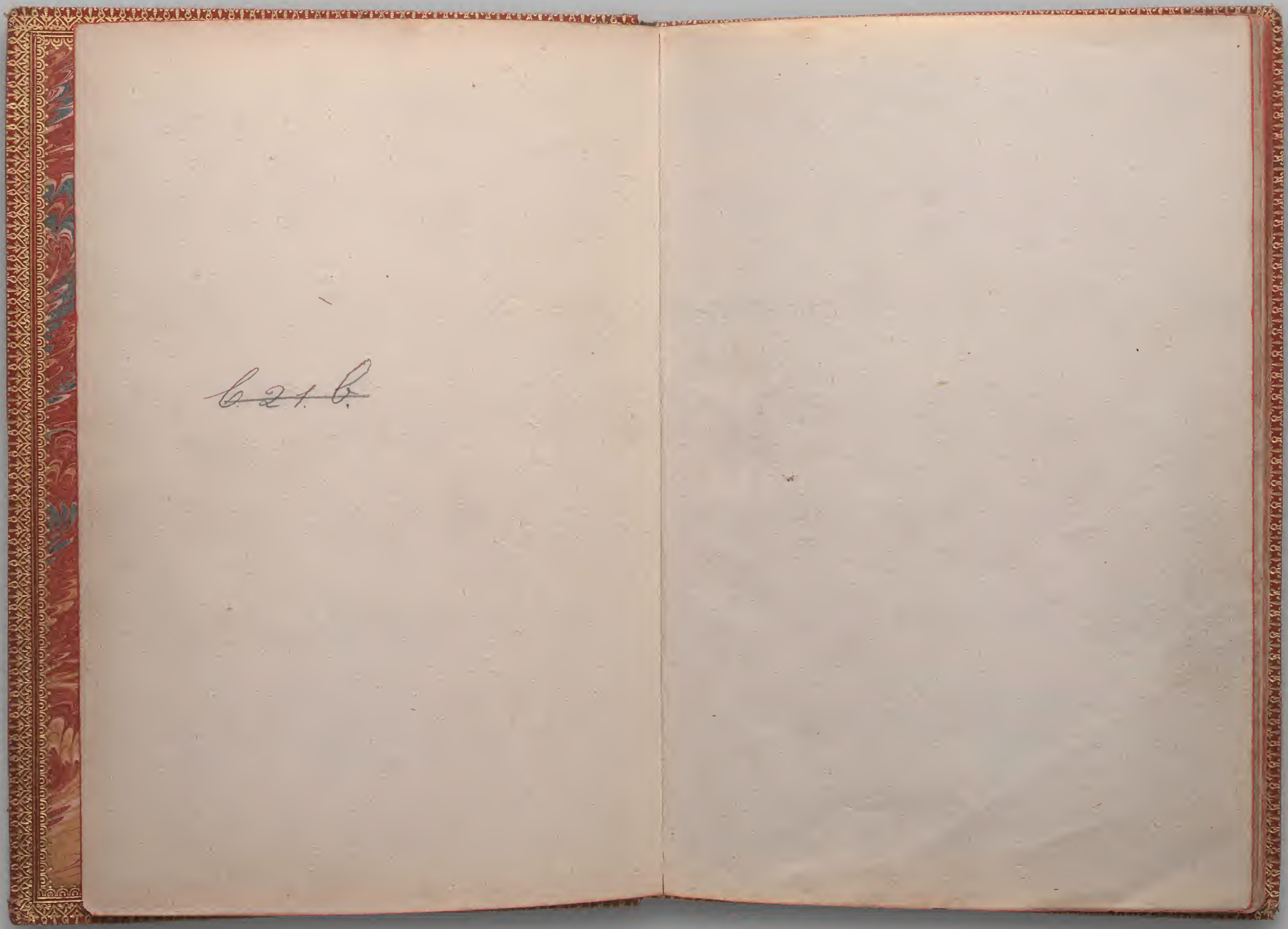
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22305) LONDON, 1622 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.32)

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22305) LONDON, 1622 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.32) Octavo



Shakspeare (W).

N

C. 34. k. 32

THE Tragœdy of Othello, The Moore of Venice.

As it hath beene diuerse times acted at the Globe, and at the Black-Friers, by *his Maiesties Seruants.*

Written by VVilliam Shakespeare.

LONDON,
Printed by *N. O.* for *Thomas Walkley*, and are to be sold at his shop, at the Eagle and Child, in Brittans Bursse.
1622.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22305) LONDON, 1622 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.32) Octavo

BRITISH MUSEUM

The Stationer to the Reader.

TO set forth a booke without an Epiſtle, were like to the old Engliſh prouerbe, A blew coat without a badge, *& the Author being dead, I thought good to take that piece of worke vpon mee: To commend it, I will not, for that which is good, I hope euery man will commend, without intreaty: and I am the bolder, becauſe the Authors name is ſufficient to vent his worke. Thus leauing euery one to the liberty of iudgement: I haue ventered to print this Play, and leaue it to the generall cenſure.*

Yours,

Thomas VValkley.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22305) LONDON, 1622 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.32) Octavo

The Tragedy of Othello *the Moore of* Venice.

Enter *Iago* and *Roderigo*.

Roderigo.

TVſh, neuer tell me, I take it much vnkindly
That you *Iago*, who has had my purſe,
As if the ſtrings were thine, ſhould'ſt know of this.
Iag. S'blood, but you will not heare me,
If euer I did dreame of ſuch a matter, abhorre me.
Rod. Thou toldſt me, thou didſt hold him in thy hate.
Iag. Deſpiſe me if I doe not: three great ones of the Citty
In perſonall ſuite to make me his Leiutenant,
Oft capt to him, and by the faith of man,
I know my price, I am worth no worſe a place.
But he, as louing his owne pride and purpoſes,
Euades them, with a bumbaſt circumſtance,
Horribly ſtuft with Epithites of warre:
And in concluſion,
Non-ſuits my mediators: for certes, ſayes he,
I haue already choſen my officer, and what was he?
Forſooth, a great Arithmetition,
One *Michael Caſsio*, a Florentine,
A fellow almoſt damnd in a faire wife,
That neuer ſet a ſquadron in the field,
Nor the deuiſion of a Battell knowes,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22305) LONDON, 1622 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.32) Octavo

More then a Spinster, vnlesse the bookish Theorique,
Wherein the toged Consuls can propose
As masterly as he: meere prattle without practise,
Is all his souldier-shippe: but he sir had the election,
And I, of whom his eyes had seene the proofe,
At *Rhodes*, at *Cipres*, and on other grounds,
Christian and Heathen, must be led, and calm'd,
By Debitor and Creditor, this Counter-caster:
He in good time, must his Leiutenant be,
And I, God blesse the marke, his Worships Ancient.

Rod. By heauen I rather would haue bin his hangman.

Ia. But there's no remedy,
Tis the curse of seruice,
Preferment goes by letter and affection,
Not by the olde gradation, where each second
Stood heire to the first:
Now sir be iudge your selfe,
Whether I, in any iust tearme am assign'd
to loue the Moore.

Rod. I would not follow him then.

Ia. O sir, content you,
I follow him to serue my turne vpon him,
We cannot be all masters, nor all masters
Cannot be truely followed, you shall marke
Many a dutious and knee-crooking knaue,
That doting on his owne obsequious bondage,
Weares out his time much like his masters Asse,
For nought but prouender, and when hee's old cashiered,
Whip mee such honest knaues:
Others there are, who trimd in formes,
And visages of duty, keepe yet their hearts,
Attending on themselues, and throwing
But shewes of seruice on their Lords,
Doe well thriue by 'em,
And when they haue lin'd their coates,
Doe themselues homage,
Those fellowes haue some soule,

And such a one doe I professe my selfe, ---- for sir,
It is as sure as you are *Roderigo*,
Were I the Moore, I would not be *Iago*:
In following him, I follow but my selfe.
Heauen is my iudge, not I,
For loue and duty, but seeming so,
For my peculiar end.
For when my outward action does demonstrate
The native act, and figure of my heart,
In complement externe, tis not long after,
But I will weare my heart vpon my sleeue,
For Doues to pecke at,
I am not what I am.

Rod. What a full fortune does the thicklips owe,
If he can carry't thus?

Ia. Call vp her father,
Rowse him, make after him, poyson his delight,
Proclaime him in the streete, incense her Kinsmen,
And tho he in a fertile climate dwell,
Plague him with flyes: tho that his ioy be ioy,
Yet throw such changes of vexation on't,
As it may loose some colour.

Rod Here is her fathers house, Ile call aloud.

Ia. Doe with like timerous accent, and dire yell,
As when by night and negligence, the fire
Is spied in populous Cities.

Rod. What ho, *Brabantio*, Seignior *Brabantio*, ho,

Ia. Awake, what ho, *Brabantio*,
Theeues, theeues, theeues:
Looke to your house, you Daughter, and your bags,
Theeues, theeues.

Brabantio *at a window.*

Brab. What is the reason of this terrible summons?
What is the matter there?

Rod. Seignior, is all your family within?

Ia. Are all doore lockts?

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22305) LONDON, 1622 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.32) Octavo

Brab. Why, wherefore aske you this?

Iag. Zounds sir you are robd, for shame put on your gowne,
Your heart is burst, you haue lost halfe your soule;
Euen now, very now, an old blacke Ram
Is tupping your white Ewe; arise, arise,
Awake the snorting Citizens with the Bell,
Or else the Diuell will make a Grandsire of you, arise I say.

Brab. What, haue you lost your wits?

Rod. Most reuerend Seignior, doe you know my voyce?

Bra. Not I, what are you?

Rod. My name is *Roderigo.*

Bra. The worse welcome,
I haue charg'd thee, not to haunt about my dores,
In honest plainenesse, thou hast heard me say
My daughter is not for thee, and now in madnes,
Being full of supper, and distempering draughts,
Vpon malicious bravery, dost thou come
To start my quiet?

Rod. Sir, sir, sir.

Bra. But thou must needes be sure
My spirit and my place haue in them power,
To make this bitter to thee.

Rod. Patience good sir.

Bra. What, tell'st thou me of robbing? this is *Venice*,
My house is not a graunge.

Rod. Most graue *Brabantio*,
In simple and pure soule I come to you.

Iag. Zouns Sir, you are one of those, that will not serue God, if the Deuill bid you. Because we come to doe you seruice, you thinke we are Ruffians, youle haue your daughter couered with a Barbary horse; youle haue your Nephewes ney to you; youle haue Coursers for Cousens, and Iennits for *Iermans.*

Bra. What prophane wretch art thou?

Iag. I am one sir, that come to tell you, your daughter, and the Moore, are now making the Beast with two backs.

Bra. Thou art a villaine.

Iag. You are a Senator.

Bra. This thou shalt answer, I know thee *Roderigo.*

Rod. Sir, I will answer any thing: But I beseech you,
If she be in her chamber, or your house,
Let loose on me the Iustice of the state,
For this delusion.

Bra. Strike on the tinder, Ho:
Giue me a taper, call vp all my people:
This accident is not vnlike my dreame,
Beleefe of it oppresses me already:
Light I say, light.

Iag. Farewell, for I must leaue you,
It seemes not meete, nor wholesome to my pate,
To be produc'd, as if I stay I shall
Against the Moore, for I doe know the state,
How euer this may gaule him with some checke,
Cannot with safety cast him, for hee's imbark'd,
With such loud reason, to the Cipres warres,
Which euen now stands in act, that for their soules,
Another of his fathome, they haue not
To leade their businesse, in which regard,
Tho I doe hate him, as I doe hells paines,
Yet for necessity of present life,
I must shew out a flag, and signe of loue,
Which is indeed but signe, that you shall surely
Finde him: lead to the Sagittar, the raised search,
And there will I be with him. So farewell.

Exit.

Enter Barbantio *in his night gowne, and seruants with Torches.*

Bra. It is too true an euill, gone she is,
And what's to come, of my despised time,
Is nought but bitternesse now *Roderigo*,
Where didst thou see her; O vnhappy girle,
With the Moore saist thou? who would be a father?
How didst thou know twas she? O thou deceiuest me
Past thought: what said she to you? get more tapers,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22305) LONDON, 1622 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.32) Octavo

Raise all my kindred, are they married thinke you?

Rod. Truely I thinke they are.

Bra. O heauen, how got she out? O treason of the blood;
Fathers from hence, trust not your Daughters mindes,
By what you see them act, is there not charmes,
By which the property of youth and manhood
May be abus'd? haue you not read *Roderigo*,
Of some such thing.

Rod. I haue sir.

Bra. Call vp my brother: O that you had had her,
Some one way, some another; doe you know
Where we may apprehend her, and the Moore?

Rod. I thinke I can discouer him, if you please
To get good guard, and goe along with me.

Bra. Pray leade me on, at euery house Ile call;
I may command at most: get weapons ho,
And raise some speciall Officers of night:
On good *Roderigo*, Ile deserue your paynes. *Exeunt.*

Enter Othello, Iago, *and attendants with Torches.*

Ia. Tho in the trade of warre, I haue slaine men,
Yet doe I hold it very stuft of Conscience.
To doe no contriu'd murther; I lacke iniquity
Sometimes to doe me seruice: nine or ten times,
I had thought to haue ierk'd him here,
Vnder the ribbes.

Oth. Tis better as it is.

Iag. Nay, but he prated,
And spoke such scuruy, and prouoking tearmes
Against your Honor, that with the little godlinesse I haue,
I did full hard forbeare him: but I pray sir,
Are you fast married? For be sure of this,
That the Magnifico is much beloued,
And hath in his effect, a voyce potentiall,
As double as the Dukes, he will diuorce you,
Or put vpon you what restraint, and greeuance,
That law with all his might to inforce it on,

Weele

Weele giue him cable,

Oth. Let him doe his spite,
My seruices which I haue done the Seigniorie,
Shall out tongue his complaints, tis yet to know,
That boasting is an honour,
I shall provulgate, I fetch my life and being,
From men of royall height, and my demerrits,
May speake vnbonnited to as proud a fortune
As this that I haue reach'd; for know *Iago*,
But that I loue the gentle *Desdemona*,
I would not, my vnhoused free condition,
Put into circumscription and confine
For the seas worth, *Enter* Cassio *with lights, Officers,*
But looke what lights come yonder. *and torches.*

Ia. These are the raised Father and his friends,
You were best goe in:

Oth. Not I, I must be found,
My parts, my Title, and my perfect soule,
Shall manifest me rightly: it is they.

Ia. By *Ianus* I thinke no.

Oth. The seruants of the Duke, and my Leiutenant,
The goodnesse of the night vpon your friends,
What is the newes.

Cas. The Duke does greete you Generall,
And he requires your haste, post haste appearance,
Euen on the instant.

Oth. What's the matter thinke you?

Cas. Something from *Cipres*, as I may diuine,
It is a businesse of some heate, the Galleyes
Haue sent a dozen frequent messengers
This very night, at one anothers heeles:
And many of the Consuls rais'd, and met,
Are at the Dukes already; you haue bin hotly cald for,
When being not at your lodging to be found,
The Senate sent aboue three seuerall quests
To search you out.

Oth. Tis well I am found by you,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22305) LONDON, 1622 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.32) Octavo

Ile ſpend a word here in the houſe, and goe with you.
Caſ. Auncient, what makes he here?
Ia. Faith he to night, hath boorded a land Carrick:
If it proue lawfull prize, hee's made for euer.
Caſ. I doe not vnderſtand.
Ia. Hee's married,
Caſ. To who?

Enters Brabantio, Roderigo, *and others with lights and weapons.*

Ia. Marry to. ---- Come Captaine, will you goe?
Oth. Ha, with who?
Caſ. Here comes another troupe to ſeeke for you.
Ia. It is *Brabantio*, Generall be aduiſde,
He comes to bad intent.
Oth. Holla, ſtand there.
Rod. Seignior, it is the Moore.
Bra. Downe with him theife.
Ia. You *Roderigo*, Come ſir, I am for you.
Oth. Keepe vp your bright ſwords, for the dew will ruſt em,
Good Seignior you ſhall more command with yeares
Then with your weapons.
Bra. O thou foule theefe, where haſt thou ſtowed my daughter?
Dambd as thou art, thou haſt inchanted her,
For ile referre me to all thing of ſenſe,
Whether a maide ſo tender, faire, and happy,
So oppoſite to marriage, that ſhe ſhund
The wealthy curled darlings of our Nation,
Would euer haue (to incurre a generall mocke)
Runne from her gardage to the ſooty boſome
Of ſuch a thing as thou? to feare, not to delight,
Such an abuſer of the world, a practiſer
Of Arts inhibited, and out of warrant?
Lay hold vpon him, if he doe reſiſt,
Subdue him at his perill.
Oth. Hold your hands:
Both you of my inclining and the reſt,

Were it my Qu. to fight, I ſhould haue knowne it,
Without a prompter, where will you that I goe,
And anſwer this your charge?
Bra. To priſon till fit time
Of Law, and courſe of direct Seſſion,
Call thee to anſwer.
Oth. What if I doe obey,
How may the Duke be therewith ſatisfied,
Whoſe Meſſengers are heere about my ſide,
Vpon ſome preſent buſineſſe of the State,
To beare me to him.
Officer. Tis true moſt worthy Seignior,
The Duke's in Councell, and your noble ſelfe,
I am ſure is ſent for.
Bra. How? the Duke in Councell?
In this time of the night? bring him away,
Mine's not an idle cauſe, the Duke himſelfe,
Or any of my Brothers of the State,
Cannot but feele this wrong, as twere their owne.
For if ſuch actions, may haue paſſage free,
Bondſlaues, and Pagans, ſhal our Stateſmen be. *Exeunt.*

Enter Duke and Senators, ſet at a Table with lights and Attendants.

Duke. There is no Compoſition in theſe newes,
That giues them credit.
1 *Sena.* Indeede they are diſproportioned,
My letters ſay, a hundred and ſeuen Gallies.
Du. And mine a hundred and forty.
2 *Sena.* And mine two hundred:
But though they iumpe not on a iuſt account,
As in theſe caſes, where they aym'd reports,
Tis oft with difference, yet doe they all confirme
A *Turkiſh* fleete, and bearing vp to *Cipreſſe*.
Du. Nay, it is poſſible enough to iudgement:
I doe not ſo ſecure me to the error,
But the mayne Articles I doe approue

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22305) LONDON, 1622 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.32) Octavo

In fearefull ſenſe. *Enter a Meſſenger.*

One within. What ho, what ho, what ho?

Sailor. A meſſenger from the Galley.

Du. Now, the buſineſſe?

Sailor. The *Turkiſh* preparation makes for *Rhodes*,
So was I bid report here, to the ſtate.

Du. How ſay you by this change?

1 *Sena.* This cannot be by no aſſay of reaſon---
'Tis a Pageant,
To keepe vs in falſe gaze: when we conſider
The importancy of *Cypreſſe* to the *Turke*:
And let our ſelues againe, but vnderſtand,
That as it more concernes the *Turke* then *Rhodes*,
So may he with more facile queſtion beare it.

Du. And in all confidence, hee's not for *Rhodes*.

Officer. Here is more newes. *Enter a 2. Meſſenger.*

Meſ. The *Ottamites*, reuerend and gracious,
Steering with due courſe, toward the Iſle of *Rhodes*,
Haue there injoynted with an after fleete
Of 30. ſaile, and now they doe reſterine
Their backward courſe, bearing with franke appearance.
Their purpoſes towards *Cypreſſe*: Seignior *Montano*,
Your truſty and moſt valiant ſeruitor,
With his free duty recommends you thus,
And prayes you to beleeue him.

Du. 'Tis certaine then for *Cypreſſe*,
Marcus Luccicos is not here in Towne.

1 *Sena.* Hee's now in *Florence*.

Du. Write from vs, wiſh him poſt, poſt haſt diſpatch.

Enter Brabantio, Othello, Roderigo, Iago, Caſſio, Deſdemona, *and Officers.*

1 *Sena.* Here comes *Brabantio* and the valiant *Moore*.

Du. Valiant *Othello*, we muſt ſtraite imploy you,
Againſt the generall enemie *Ottaman*;
I did not ſee you, welcome gentle Seignior,
We lacke't your counſell, and your helpe to night,

Bra.

Bra. So did I yours, good your Grace pardon me,
Neither my place, nor ought I heard of buſineſſe
Hath rais'd me from my bed, nor doth the generall care
Take any hold of me, for my particular griefes,
Is of ſo floodgate and orebearing nature,
That it engluts and ſwallowes other ſorrowes,
And it is ſtill it ſelfe.

Du. Why, what's the matter?

Bra. My daughter, O my daughter.

All. Dead?

Bra. I to me:
She is abus'd, ſtolne from me and corrupted,
By ſpels and medicines, bought of mountebancks,
For nature ſo prepoſterouſly to erre,
Saunce witchcraft could not.

Du. Who ere he be, that in this foule proceeding
Hath thus beguild your daughter of her ſelfe,
And you of her, the bloody booke of Law,
You ſhall your ſelfe, read in the bitter letter,
After its owne ſenſe, tho our proper ſonne
Stood in your action.

Bra. Humbly I thanke your Grace;
Here is the man, this Moore, whom now it ſeemes
Your ſpeciall mandate, for the State affaires
Hath hither brought.

All. We are very ſorry for't.

Du. What in your owne part can you ſay to this?

Bra. Nothing, but this is ſo.

Oth. Moſt potent, graue, and reuerend Seigniors,
My very noble and approoued good maiſters:
That I haue tane away this old mans daughter,
It is moſt true: true, I haue married her,
The very head and front of my offending,
Hath this extent no more. Rude am I in my ſpeech,
And little bleſt with the ſet phraſe of peace,
For ſince theſe armes of mine had ſeuen yeares pith,
Till now ſome nine Moones waſted, they haue vs'd

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22305) LONDON, 1622 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.32) Octavo

Their deareſt action in the tented field,
And little of this great world can I ſpeake,
More then pertaines to feate of broyle, and battaile,
And therefore little ſhall I grace my cauſe,
In ſpeaking for my ſelfe; yet by your gracious patience,
I will a round vnuarniſh'd tale deliuer,
Of my whole courſe of loue, what drugs, what charmes,
What coniuration, and what mighty Magicke,
(For ſuch proceedings am I charg'd withall:)
I wonne his daughter.

Bra. A maiden neuer bold of ſpirit,
So ſtill and quiet, that her motion
Bluſht at her ſelfe: and ſhe in ſpite of nature,
Of yeares, of Country, credit, euery thing,
To fall in loue with what ſhe fear'd to looke on?
It is a iudgement maimd, and moſt imperfect,
That will confeſſe perfection, ſo would erre
Againſt all rules of Nature, and muſt be driuen,
To finde out practiſes of cunning hell,
Why this ſhould be, I therefore vouch againe,
That with ſome mixtures powerfull ore the blood,
Or with ſome dram coniur'd to this effect,
He wrought vpon her.

Du. To youth this is no proofe,
Without more certaine and more ouert teſt,
Theſe are thin habits, and poore likelihoods,
Of moderne ſeemings, you preferre againſt him.

1 *Sena.* But *Othello* ſpeake,
Did you by indirect and forced courſes,
Subdue and poiſon this young maides affections?
Or came it by requeſt, and ſuch faire queſtion,
As ſoule to ſoule affoordeth?

Oth. I doe beſeech you,
Send for the Lady to the Sagittar,
And let her ſpeake of me before her father;
If you doe finde me foule in her report,
Not onely take away, but let your ſentence

Euen fall vpon my life.

Du. Fetch *Deſdemona* hither. *Exit two or three.*

Oth. Ancient conduct them, you beſt know the place;
And till ſhe come, as faithfull as to heauen,
So iuſtly to your graue eares I'le preſent,
How I did thriue in this faire Ladyes loue,
And ſhe in mine.

Du. Say it *Othello.*

Oth. Her Father loued me, oft inuited me,
Still queſtioned me the ſtory of my life,
From yeare to yeare; the battailes, ſeiges, fortunes
That I haue paſt:
I ran it through, euen from my boyiſh dayes,
Toth' very moment that he bade me tell it.
Wherein I ſpake of moſt diſaſtrous chances,
Of moouing accident of flood and field;
Of heire-breadth ſcapes ith imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the inſolent foe:
And ſold to ſlauery, and my redemption thence,
And with it all my trauells Hiſtorie;
Wherein of Antrees vaſt, and Deſerts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks and hils, whoſe heads touch heauen,
It was my hent to ſpeake, ſuch was the proceſſe:
And of the *Cannibals*, that each other eate;
The *Anthropophagie*, and men whoſe heads
Doe grow beneath their ſhoulders: this to heare,
Would *Deſdemona* ſeriouſly incline;
But ſtill the houſe affaires would draw her thence,
And euer as ſhe could with haſt diſpatch,
Shee'd come againe, and with a greedy eare
Deuoure vp my diſcourſe; which I obſeruing,
Tooke once a plyant houre, and found good meanes
To draw from her a prayer of earneſt heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcell ſhe had ſomething heard,
But not intentiuely, I did conſent,
And often did beguile her of her teares,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22305) LONDON, 1622 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.32) Octavo

When I did speake of some distressed stroake
That my youth suffered: my story being done;
She gaue me for my paines a world of sighes;
She swore I faith twas strange, twas passing strange;
Twas pittifull, twas wondrous pittifull;
She wisht she had not heard it, yet she wisht
That Heauen had made her such a man: she thanked me,
And bad me, if I had a friend that loued her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Vpon this heate I spake:
She lou'd me for the dangers I had past.
And I lou'd her that she did pitty them.
This onely is the witchcraft I haue vs'd:
Here comes the Lady,
Let her witnesse it.

Enter Desdemona, Iago, *and the rest.*

Du. I thinke this tale would win my daughter to, ----
Good *Brabantio*, take vp this mangled matter at the best,
Men doe their broken weapons rather vse,
Then their bare hands.

Bra. I pray you heare her speake.
If she confesse that she was halfe the wooer,
Destruction lite on me, if my bad blame
Light on the man. Come hither gentle mistresse:
Doe you perceiue in all this noble company,
Where most you owe obedience?

Des. My noble father,
I doe perceiue here a deuided duty:
To you I am bound for life and education;
My life and education both doe learne me
How to respect you, you are Lord of all my duty,
I am hitherto your daughter, But heere's my husband:
And so much duty as my mother shewed
To you, preferring you before her father,
So much I challenge, that I may professe,
Due to the Moore my Lord,

Bra. God bu'y, I ha done:
Please it your Grace, on to the State affaires;
I had rather to adopt a child then get it;
Come hither Moore:
I here doe giue thee that, with all my heart
I would keepe from thee: for your sake Iewell,
I am glad at soule. I haue no other child,
For thy escape would teach me tyranny,
To hang clogs on em, I haue done my Lord.

Du. Let me speake like your selfe, and lay a sentence
Which as a greese or step may helpe these louers
Into your fauour.
When remedies are past, the griefes are ended,
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.
To mourne a mischeife that is past and gone,
Is the next way to draw more mischiefe on;
What cannot be preseru'd when fortune takes,
Patience her iniury a mockery makes.
The rob'd that smiles, steales something from the thiefe,
He robs himselfe, that spends a bootelesse griefe.

Bra. So let the *Turke*, of *Cypres* vs beguile,
We lose it not so long as we can smile;
He beares the sentence well that nothing beares,
But the free comfort, which from thence he heares:
But he beares both the sentence and the sorrow,
That to pay griefe, must of poore patience borrow.
These sentences to sugar, or to gall,
Being strong on both sides, are equiuocall:
But words are words, I neuer yet did heare,
That the bruis'd heart was pierced through the eare:
Beseech you now, to the affaires of the state.

Du. The *Turke* with most mighty preparation makes for *Cipres*: *Othello*, the fortitude of the place, is best knowne to you, and tho we haue there a substitute of most allowed sufficiency, yet opinion, a soueraigne mistresse of effects, throwes a more safer voyce on you; you must therefore bee content to slubber the glosse of your new fortunes, with this more stubborne and boisterous expedition.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22305) LONDON, 1622 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.32) Octavo

Oth. The tyrant custome most great Senators,
Hath made the flinty and steele Couch of warre,
My thrice driuen bed of downe: I doe agnize
A naturall and prompt alacrity,
I finde in hardnesse, and would vndertake
This present warres against the *Ottamites*,
Most humbly therefore, bending to your State,
I craue fit disposition for my wife,
Due reuerence of place and exhibition,
Which such accomodation? and best
As leuels with her breeding.

Du. If you please, bee't at her fathers.

Bra. Ile not haue it so.

Oth. Nor I.

Desd. Nor I, I would not there reside,
To put my father in impatient thoughts,
By being in his eye: most gracious Duke,
To my vnfolding lend a gracious eare,
And let me finde a charter in your voyce,
And if my simplenesse. ----

Du. What would you ---- speake.

Des. That I did loue the Moore, to liue with him,
My downe right violence, and scorne of Fortunes,
May trumpet to the world: my hearts subdued,
Euen to the vtmost pleasure of my Lord:
I saw *Othelloes* visage in his minde,
And to his Honors, and his valiant parts
Did I my soule and fortunes consecrate:
So that deere Lords, if I be left behinde,
A Mothe of peace, and he goe to the warre,
The rites for which I loue him, are bereft me,
And I a heauy interim shall support,
By his deare absence, let me goe with him.

Oth. Your voyces Lords: beseech you let her will,
Haue a free way, I therefore beg it not
To please the palate of my appetite,
Nor to comply with heate, the young affects

In my defunct, and proper satisfaction,
But to be free and bounteous of her mind,
And heauen defend your good soules that you thinke
I will your serious and good businesse scant,
For she is with me; ---no, when light-wingd toyes,
And feather'd Cupid foyles with wanton dulnesse,
My speculatiue and actiue instruments,
That my disports, corrupt and taint my businesse,
Let huswiues make a skellet of my Helme,
And all indigne and base aduersities,
Make head against my reputation.

Du. Be it, as you shall priuately determine,
Either for stay or going, the affaires cry hast,
And speede must answer, you must hence to night,

Desd. To night my Lord?

Du. This night.

Oth. With all my heart.

Du. At ten i'the morning here weel meete againe.
Othello, leaue some officer behind,
And he shall our Commission bring to you,
With such things else of quality or respect,
As doth concerne you.

Oth. Please your Grace, my Ancient,
A man he is of honesty and trust,
To his conueyance I assigne my wife,
With what else needefull your good Grace shall thinke,
To be sent after me.

Du. Let it be so:
Good night to euery one, and noble Seignior,
If vertue no delighted beauty lacke,
Your son in law is farre more faire then blacke.

1 *Sena.* Adue braue Moore, vse *Desdemona* well.

Bra. Looke to her Moore, haue a quicke eye to see,
She has deceiu'd her father, may doe thee. *Exeunt.*

Oth. My life vpon her faith: honest *Iago*,
My *Desdemona* must I leaue to thee,
I prethee let thy wife attend on her,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22305) LONDON, 1622 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.32) Octavo

And bring her after in the best aduantage;
Come *Desdemona*, I haue but an houre
Of loue, of worldly matters, and direction,
To spend with thee, we must obey the time.

Rod. Iago. *Exit Moore and* Desdemona.

Iag. What saiest thou noble heart?

Rod. What will I doe thinkest thou?

Iag. Why goe to bed and sleepe.

Rod. I will incontinently drowne my selfe.

Iag. Well, if thou doest, I shall neuer loue thee after it, Why, thou silly Gentleman.

Rod. It is sillinesse to liue, when to liue is a torment, and then we haue a prescription, to dye when death is our Physition.

Iag. I ha look'd vpon the world for foure times seuen yeares, and since I could distinguish betweene a benefit, and an iniury, I neuer found a man that knew how to loue himselfe: ere I would say I would drowne my selfe, for the loue of a Ginny Hen, I would change my humanity with a Baboone.

Rod. What should I do? I confesse it is my shame to be so fond, but it is not in my vertue to amend it.

Iag. Vertue? a fig, tis in our selues, that wee are thus, or thus, our bodies are gardens, to the which our wills are Gardiners, so that if we will plant Nettles, or sow Lettice, set Isop, and weed vp Time; supply it with one gender of hearbes, or distract it with many; either to haue it sterrill with Idlenesse, or manur'd with Industry, why the power, and corrigible Authority of this, lies in our wills. If the ballance of our liues had not one scale of reason, to poise another of sensuality; the blood and baseneſſe of our natures, would conduct vs to most preposterous conclusions. But wee haue reason to coole our raging motions, our carnall stings, our vnbitted lusts; whereof I take this, that you call loue to be a sect, or syen.

Rod. It cannot be.

Iag. It is meerly a lust of the blood, and a permission of the will: Come, be a man; drowne thy selfe? drowne Cats and blinde Puppies: I professe me thy friend, and I confesse me knit to thy deseruing, with cables of perdurable toughnesse; I could neuer better stead thee then now. Put money in thy purse; follow these warres, defeate

defeate thy fauour with an vsurp'd beard; I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be, that *Desdemona* should long continue her loue vnto the Moore, --- put money in thy purse, -- nor he to her; it was a violent commencement, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration: put but money in thy purse. --- These Moores are changeable in their wills: --- fill thy purse with money. The food that to him now, is as lushious as Locusts, shall be to him shortly as acerbe as the Colloquintida. When shee is sated with his body, shee will finde the error of her choyce; shee must haue change, shee must. Therefore put money in thy purse: if thou wilt needes damme thy selfe, doe it a more delicate way then drowning; make all the money thou canst. If sanctimony, and a fraile vow, betwixt an erring *Barbarian*, and a super subtle *Venetian*, be not too hard for my wits, and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enioy her; therefore make money, --- a pox a drowning, tis cleane out of the way: seeke thou rather to be hang'd in compassing thy ioy, then to bee drowned, and goe without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes?

Iag. Thou art sure of me --- goe, make money --- I haue told thee often, and I tell thee againe, and againe, I hate the Moore, my cause is harted, thine has no lesse reason, let vs be communicatiue in our reuenge against him: If thou canst cuckold him, thou doest thy selfe a pleasure, and me a sport. There are many euents in the womb of Time, which will be deliuered. Trauerse, go, prouide thy money, we will haue more of this to morrow, Adiue.

Rod. Where shall we meete i'th morning.

Iag. At my lodging.

Rod. I'le be with thee betimes.

Iag. Go to, farewell: --- doe you heare *Roderigo*?

Rod. what say you?

Iag. No more of drowning, doe you heare?

Rod. I am chang'd. *Exit Roderigo.*

Iag. Goe to, farewell, put money enough in your purse:
Thus doe I euer make my foole my purse:
For I mine owne gain'd knowledge should prophane,
If I would time expend with such a snipe,
But for my sport and profit: I hate the Moore,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22305) LONDON, 1622 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.32) Octavo

And it is thought abroad, that twixt my sheetes
Ha's done my office; I know not, if't be true ---
Yet I, for meere suspition in that kind,
Will doe, as if for surety: he holds me well,
The better shall my purpose worke on him.
Cassio's a proper man, let me see now,
To get this place, and to make vp my will,
A double knauery --- how, how, --- let me see,
After some time, to abuse *Othello's* eare,
That he is too familiar with his wife:
He has a person and a smooth dispose,
To be suspected, fram'd to make women false:
The Moore a free and open nature too,
That thinkes men honest, that but seemes to be so:
And will as tenderly be led bi'h nose --- as Asses are:
I ha't, it is ingender'd: Hell and night
Must bring this monstrous birth to the worlds light.

Exit.

Actus 2.

Scœna 1.

Enter Montanio, *Gouernor of* Cypres, *with two other Gentlemen.*

Montanio.

VVHat from the Cape can you discerne at Sea?

1 *Gent.* Nothing at all, it is a high wrought flood,
I cannot twixt the hauen and the mayne
Descry a saile.

Mon. Me thinkes the wind does speake aloud at land,
A fuller blast ne're shooke our Battlements:
If it ha ruffian'd so vpon the sea,
What ribbes of Oake, when the huge mountaine melt,

Can hold the mortles, --- What shall we heare of this?

2 *Gent.* A segregation of the *Turkish* Fleete:
For doe but stand vpon the banning shore,
The chiding billow seemes to pelt the cloudes,
The winde shak'd surge, with high and monstrous mayne,
Seemes to cast water, on the burning Beare,
And quench the guards of th'euer fired pole,
I neuer did, like molestation view,
On the inchafed flood.

Mon. If that the *Turkish* Fleete
Be not inshelter'd, and embayed, they are drown'd,
It is impossible they beare it out.

Enter a third Gentleman.

3 *Gent.* Newes Lords, your warres are done:
The desperate Tempest hath so bang'd the *Turke*,
That their designement halts: Another shippe of *Venice* hath seene
A greeuous wracke and sufferance
On most part of the Fleete.

Mon. How, is this true?

3 *Gent.* The shippe is heere put in:
A Veronessa, *Michael Cassio*,
Lieutenant to the warlike Moore *Othello*,
Is come ashore: the Moore himselfe at Sea,
And is in full Commission here for *Cypres*,

Mon. I am glad on't, tis a worthy Gouernour.

3 *Gent.* But this same *Cassio*, tho he speake of comfort,
Touching the *Turkish* losse, yet he lookes sadly,
And prayes the Moore be safe, for they were parted,
With foule and violent Tempest.

Mon. Pray Heauen he be:
For I haue seru'd him, and the man commands
Like a full Souldier:
Lets to the sea side, ho,
As well to see the vessell that's come in,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22305) LONDON, 1622 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.32) Octavo

As to throw out our eyes for braue *Othello*.

3 *Gent.* Come, lets doe so,
For euery minute is expectancy
Of more arriuance, *Enter* Cassio.

Cas. Thankes to the valiant of this worthy Isle,
That so approue the Moore, and let the heauens
Giue him defence against their Elements,
For I haue lost him on a dangerous sea.

Mon. Is he well shipt?

Cas. His Barke is stoutly timberd, and his Pilate
Of very expert and approu'd allowance,
Therefore my hope's not surfeited to death,
Stand in bold cure. *Enter a Messenger.*

Mess. A saile, a saile, a saile.

Cas. What noyse?

Mess. The Towne is empty, on the brow o'th sea,
stand rankes of people, and they cry a sayle.

Cas. My hopes doe shape him for the guernement.

2 *Gen.* They doe discharge the shot of courtesie,
Our friend at least. *A shot.*

Cas. I pray you sir goe forth,
And giue vs truth, who tis that is arriu'd.

2 *Gent.* I shall. *Exit.*

Mon. But good Leiutenant, is your Generall wiu'd?

Cas. Most fortunately, he hath atchieu'd a maide,
That parragons description, and wild fame:
One that excells the blasoning pens,
And in the essentiall vesture of creation,
Does beare all excellency: --- now, who has put in?

Enter 2. Gentleman.

2 *Gent.* Tis one *Iago*, ancient to the Generall,
He has had most fauourable and happy speede,
Tempests themselues, by seas, and houling windes,
The guttered rocks, and congregated sands,
Traitors ensteerped; to clog the guiltlesse Keele,
As hauing sence of beauty, do omit
Their common natures, letting goe safely by

The diuine *Desdemona*.

Mon. What is she?

Cas. She that I spoke of, our great Captains Captaine,
Left in the conduct of the bold *Iago*.
Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts
A sennights speede --- great *Ioue Othello* guard,
And swell his saile with thine owne powerfull breath,
That he may blesse this Bay with his tall shippe,
And swiftly come to *Desdemona's* armes.

Enter Desdemona, Iago, Emillia, *and* Roderigo.

Giue renewd fire,
To our extincted spirits.
And bring all *Cypresse* comfort, --- O behold
The riches of the ship is come ashore.
Ye men of *Cypres*, let her haue your knees:
Haile to thee Lady: and the grace of heauen,
Before, behinde thee, and on euery hand,
Enwheele thee round.

Desd. I thanke you valiant *Cassio*:
What tidings can you tell me of my Lord?

Cas. He is not yet arriued, nor know I ought,
But that hee's well, and will be shortly here.

Desd. O but I feare: --- how lost you company?
[*within.*] *A saile, a saile.*

Cas. The great contention of the sea and skies
Parted our fellowship: but harke, A saile.

2 *Gent.* They giue their greeting to the Cittadell,
This likewise is a friend.

Cas. So speakes this voyce:
Good Ancient, you are welcome, welcome Mistresse,
Let it not gall your patience, good *Iago*,
That I extend my manners, tis my breeding,
That gines me this bold shew of courtesie.

Iag. For would she giue you so much of her lips,
As of her tongue, she has bestowed on me,
You'd haue enough.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22305) LONDON, 1622 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.32) Octavo

Def. Alas! ſhee has no ſpeech.
Iag. I know too much:
I finde it, I; for when I ha liſt to ſleepe,
Mary, before your Ladiſhip I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.
Em. You ha little cauſe to ſay ſo.
Iag. Come on, Come on, you are Pictures out adores:
Bells in your Parlors: Wildcats in your Kitchins:
Saints in your iniuries: Diuells being offended:
Players in your houſwifery; and houſwiues in your beds.
O fie vpon thee ſlanderer.
Iag. Nay, it is true, or elſe I am a *Turke*,
You riſe to play, and goe to bed to worke.
Em. You ſhall not write my praiſe.
Iag. No, let me not.
Deſd. What wouldſt thou write of me,
If thou ſhouldſt praiſe me?
Iag. O gentle Lady, doe not put me to't,
For I am nothing, if not Criticall.
Deſd. Come on, aſſay -- there's one gone to the Harbor?
Iag. I Madam.
Deſd. I am not merry, but I doe beguile
The thing I am, by ſeeming otherwiſe:
Come, how wouldſt thou praiſe me?
Iag. I am about it, but indeed my inuention
Comes from my pate, as birdlime does from freeze,
It plucks out braine and all: but my Muſe labors,
And thus ſhe is deliuer'd:
If ſhe be faire and wiſe, faireneſſe and wit;
The one's for vſe, the other vſing it.
Deſd. Well praiſde: how if ſhe be blacke and witty?
Iag. If ſhe be blacke, and therein haue a wit,
She'le finde a white, that ſhall her blackneſſe hit.
Deſd. Worſe and worſe.
Em. How if faire and fooliſh?
Iag. She neuer yet was fooliſh, that was faire,

For euen her folly helpt her, to a haire.
Deſ. Theſe are old paradoxes, to make fooles laugh i'the Alehouſe,
What miſerable praiſe haſt thou for her,
That's foule and fooliſh?
Iag. There's none ſo foule, and fooliſh thereunto,
But does foule prankes, which faire and wiſe ones doe.
Deſd. O heauy ignorance, that praiſes the worſt beſt: but what
praiſe couldſt thou beſtow on a deſeruing woman indeed? one,
that in the authority of her merrits, did iuſtly put on the vouch of
very malice it ſelfe?
Iag. She that was euer faire, and neuer proud,
Had tongue at will, and yet was neuer lowd,
Neuer lackt gold, and yet went neuer gay,
Fled from her wiſh, and yet ſaid, now I may:
She that being angred, her reuenge being nigh,
Bad her wrong ſtay, and her diſpleaſure flye;
She that in wiſedome, neuer was ſo fraile,
To change the Codſhead for the Salmons taile.
She that could thinke, and ne're diſcloſe her minde,
She was a wight, if euer ſuch wight were.
Deſ. To doe what?
Iag. To ſuckle fooles, and chronicle ſmall Beere.
Deſ. O moſt lame and impotent concluſion:
Doe not learne of him *Emilia*, tho he be thy husband;
How ſay you *Caſſio*, is he not a moſt prophane and liberall
Counſellour?
Caſ. He ſpeakes home Madam, you may relliſh him
More in the Souldier then in the Scholler.
Iag. He takes her by the palme; I well ſed, whiſper: as little a
webbe as this will enſnare as great a Flee as *Caſſio*. I ſmile vpon
her, doe: I will catch you in your owne courteſies: you ſay true,
tis ſo indeed. If ſuch trickes as theſe ſtrip you out of your Leiute-
nantry, it had beene better you had not riſt your three fingers ſo oft,
which now againe, you are moſt apt to play the ſir in: good, well
kiſt, an excellent courteſie; tis ſo indeed: yet againe, your fingers at
your lips? Would they were Cliſterpipes for your ſake. -- The
Moore, I know his Trumpet. *Trumpets within.*

Enter

Enter Othello, *and Attendants.*

Cas. Tis truely so.

Des. Lets meete him, and receiue him.

Cas. Loe, where he comes.

Oth. O my faire Warriour.

Des. My deare *Othello.*

Oth. It giues me wonder great as my content,
To see you here before me: O my soules ioy,
If after euery tempest, come such calmenesse,
May the winds blow, till they haue wakened death,
And let the labouring Barke clime hills of seas,
Olympus high, and duck againe as low,
As hell's from Heauen: If it were now to dye,
T'were now to be most happy, for I feare
My soule hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort, like to this
Succeeds in vnknowne Fate,

Des. The Heauens forbid,
But that our loues and comforts should increase,
Euen as our dayes doe growe.

Oth. Amen to that sweete power,
I cannot speake enough of this content,
It stops me heere, it is too much of ioy:
And this, and this, the greatest discord be, *they kisse.*
That ere our hearts shall make.

Iag. O, you are well tun'd now,
But I'le set downe the pegs, that make this musique,
As honest as I am.

Oth. Come, let vs to the Castle:
Newes friends, our warres are done, the *Turks* are drownd:
How doe our old acquaintance of the Isle;
Honny, you shall be well desir'd in *Cypres*;
I haue found great loue amongst them: O my sweete,
I prattle out of fashion, and I dote,
In mine one comforts: I prethee good *Iago*,
Goe to the Bay, and disimbarke my Coffers;
Bring thou the Master to the Cittadell;

He

He is a good one, and his worthinesse,
Does challenge much respect: come *Desdemona*,
Once more well met at *Cypres*. *Exit.*

Iag. Doe thou meete me presently at the Habour: come hither, If thou beest valiant, as they say, base men being in loue, haue then a Nobility in their natures, more then is natiue to them --- list me, the Leiutenant to night watches on the Court of Guard: first I will tell thee, this *Desdemona* is directly in loue with him.

Rod. With him? why tis not possible.

Iag. Lay thy finger thus, and let thy soule be instructed: marke me, with what violence she first lou'd the Moore, but for bragging, and telling her fantasticall lies; and will she loue him still for prating? let not the discreet heart thinke so. Her eye must be fed, and what delight shall she haue to look on the Diuell? When the blood is made dull with the act of sport, there should be againe to inflame it, and giue saciety a fresh appetite. Loue lines in fauour, sympathy in yeares, manners and beauties; all which the Moore is defectiue in: now for want of these requir'd conueniences, her delicate tenderneste will finde it selfe abus'd, begionne to heaue the gorge, disrellish and abhorre the Moore, very nature will instruct her to it, and compell her to some second choyce: now sir, this granted, as it is a most pregnant and vnforced position, who stands so eminently in the degree of this fortune, as *Cassio* does? a knaue very voluble, no farder conscionable, then in putting on the meere forme of ciuill and humane seeming, for the better compassing of his salt and hidden affections: A subtle slippery knaue, a finder out of occasions; that has an eye, can stampe and counterfeit the true aduantages neuer present themselues. Besides, the knaue is handsome, yong, and hath all those requisites in him that folly and green mindes look after; a pestilent compleate knaue, and the woman has found him already.

Rod. I cannot beleeue that in her, shee's full of most blest condition.

Iag. Blest figs end: the wine shee drinkes is made of grapes: if she had beene blest, she would neuer haue lou'd the Moore. Did'st thou not see her paddle with the palme of his hand?

Rod. Yes, but that was but courtesie.

Iag. Lechery, by this hand: an Index and prologue to the history,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22305) LONDON, 1622 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.32) Octavo

ſtory of luſt and foule thoughts: they met ſo neere with their lips, that their breathes embrac'd together. When theſe mutualities ſo marſhall the way, hand at hand, comes the maine exerciſe, the incorporate concluſion. But ſir, be you rul'd by mee, I haue brought you from *Venice*: watch you to night, for your command I'le lay't vpon you, *Caſsio* knowes you not, I'le not be farre from you, do you finde ſome occaſion to anger *Caſsio*, either by ſpeaking too loud, or tainting his diſcipline, or from what other cauſe you pleaſe; which the time ſhall more fauourably miniſter.

Rod. Well.

Iag. Sir he is raſh, and very ſuddain in choler, and haply with his Trunchen may ſtrike at you; prouoke him that he may, for euen out of that, will I cauſe theſe of *Cypres* to mutiny, whoſe quallification ſhall come into no true truſt again't, but by the diſplanting of *Caſsio*: So ſhall you haue a ſhorter iourney to your deſires by the meanes I ſhal then haue to prefer them, & the impediment, moſt profitably remou'd, without which there were no expectation of our proſperity.

Rod. I will doe this, if I can bring it to any opportunity.

Iag. I warrant thee, meete me by and by at the Cittadell; I muſt fetch his neceſſaries aſhore. --- Farewell.

Rod. Adue. *Exit.*

Iag. That *Caſsio* loues her, I doe well beleeue it;
That ſhe loues him, tis apt and of great credit;
The Moore howbe't, that I indure him not,
Is of a conſtant, noble, louing nature;
And I dare thinke, hee'le proue to *Deſdemona*,
A moſt deere husband: now I doe loue her too,
Not out of abſolute luſt, tho peraduenture.
I ſtand accountant for as great a ſin,
But partly lead to diet my reuenge,
For that I doe ſuſpect the luſtfull Moore,
Hath leap'd into my ſeate, the thought whereof
Doth like a poiſonous minerall gnaw my inwards,
And nothing can, nor ſhall content my ſoule,
Till I am euen with him, wife, for wife:
Or failing ſo, yet that I put the Moore,
At leaſt, into a Iealouſie ſo ſtrong,

That

That Iudgement cannot cure; which thing to doe,
If this poore traſh of *Venice*, whom I cruſh,
For his quicke hunting, ſtand the putting on,
I'le haue our *Michael Caſsio* on the hip,
Abuſe him to the Moore, in the ranke garbe,
(For I feare *Caſsio*, with my nightcap too)
Make the Moore thanke me, loue me, and reward me,
For making him egregiouſly an Aſſe,
And practiſing vpon his peace and quiet,
Euen to madneſſe: tis here, but yet confus'd,
Knaueries plaine face is neuer ſeene, till vs'd.

Exit.

Enter a Gentleman reading a Proclamation.

It is *Othello's* pleaſure; our noble and valiant Generall, that vpon certaine tidings now arriued, importing the meere perdition of the *Turkiſh* Fleete; that euery man put himſelfe into triumph: Some to dance, ſome make bonefires; each man to what ſport and Reuels his minde leades him; for beſides theſe beneficiall newes, it is the celebration of his Nuptialls: So much was his pleaſure ſhould bee proclaimed. All Offices are open, and there is full liberty, from this preſent houre of fiue, till the bell hath told eleuen. Heauen bleſſe the Iſle of *Cypres*, and our noble Generall *Othello*.

Enter Othello, Caſſio, *and* Deſdemona.

Oth. Good *Michael*, looke you to the guard to night,
Lets teach our ſelues the honourable ſtoppe,
Not to out ſport diſcretion.

Caſ. *Iago* hath directed what to doe:
But notwithſtanding with my perſonall eye
Will I looke to it.

Oth. *Iago* is moſt honeſt,
Michael good night, to morrow with your earlieſt,
Let me haue ſpeech with you, come my deare loue,
The purchaſe made, the fruits are to enſue,

The

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22305) LONDON, 1622 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.32) Octavo

The profits yet to come twixt me and you,
Good night. *Exit* Othello *and* Desdemona.

Enter Iago.

Cas. Welcome *Iago*, we must to the watch.

Iag. Not this houre Leiutenant, tis not yet ten aclock: our Generall cast vs thus early for the loue of his *Desdemena*. who let vs not therefore blame, hee hath not yet made wanton the night with her; and she is sport for *Ioue*.

Cas. She is a most exquisite Lady.

Iag. And I'le warrant her full of game.

Cas. Indeede she is a most fresh and delicate creature.

Iag. What an eye she has?
Me thinkes it sounds a parly of prouocation.

Cas. An inuiting eye, and yet me thinkes right moddest.

Iag. And when she speakes, tis an alarme to loue.

Cas. It is indeede perfection.

Iag. Well, happinesse to their sheetes --- come Leiutenant, I haue a stope of Wine, and heere without are a brace of *Cypres* Gallants, that would faine haue a measure to the health of the blacke *Othello*.

Cas. Not to night, good *Iago*; I haue very poore and vnhappy braines for drinking: I could well wish courtesie would inuent some other custome of entertainement.

Iag. O they are our friends, --- but one cup: I'le drink for you.

Cas. I ha drunke but one cup to night, and that was craftily qualified to, and behold what innouation it makes here: I am vnfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not taske my weakenesse with any more.

Iag. What man, tis a night of Reuells, the Gallants desire it.

Cas. Where are they?

Iag. Here at the dore, I pray you call them in.

Cas. I'le do't, but it dislikes me. *Exit.*

Iag. If I can fasten but one cup vpon him,
With that which he hath drunke to night already,
Hee'll be as full of quarrell and offence,
As my young mistris dog: --- Now my sicke foole *Rodrigo*,
Whom loue has turn'd almost the wrong side outward,

To

To *Desdemona*, hath to night caroust
Potations pottle deepe, and hee's to watch
Three lads of *Cypres*, noble swelling spirits,
That hold their honour, in a wary distance,
The very Elements of this warlike Isle,
Haue I to night flustred with flowing cups,
And the watch too: now mongst this flocke of drunkards,
I am to put our *Cassio* in some action,
That may offend the Isle; *Enter* Montanio, Cassio,
But here they come: *and others.*
If consequence doe but approoue my dreame,
My boate sailes freely, both with winde and streame.

Cas. Fore God they haue giuen me a rouse already.

Mon. Good faith a little one, not past a pint,
As I am a souldier. *Iag.* Some wine ho:
And let me the Cannikin clinke, clinke,
And let me the Cannikin clinke, clinke:
A Souldier's a man, a life's but a span,
Why then let a souldier drinke. --- Some wine boyes,

Cas. Fore God an excellent song.

Iag. I learn'd it in *England*, where indeed they are most potent in potting: your *Dane*, your *Germaine*, and your swag-bellied *Hollander*; drinke ho, are nothing to your *English*.

Cas. Is your *English* man so expert in his drinking?

Iag. Why he drinkes you with facillity, your *Dane* dead drunke: he sweats not to ouerthrow your *Almaine*; he giues your *Hollander* a vomit, ere the next pottle can be fild.

Cas. To the health of our Generall.

Mon. I am for it Leiutenant, and I will doe you iustice.

Iag. O sweete *England*, --- King *Stephen* was a worthy peere,
His breeches cost him but a crowne,
He held 'em sixpence all too deere,
With that he cald the Taylor lowne,
He was a wight of high renowne,
And thou art but of low degree,
Tis pride that puls the Country downe,
Then take thine owd cloke about thee. --- Some wine ho.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22305) LONDON, 1622 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.32) Octavo

Cas. Fore God this is a more exquisite song then the other.

Iag. Will you hear't agen?

Cas. No, for I hold him vnworthy of his place, that does those things: well, God's aboue all, and there bee soules that must bee saued.

Iag. It is true good Leiutenant.

Cas. For mine own part, no offence to the Generall, nor any man of quality, I hope to be saued.

Iag. And so doe I Leiutenant.

Cas. I, but by your leaue, not before me; the Leiutenant is to be saued before the Ancient. Let's ha no more of this, let's to our affaires: God forgiue vs our sins: Gentlemen, let's looke to our businesse; Doe not thinke Gentlemen I am drunke, this is my Ancient, this is my right hand, and this is my left hand: I am not drunke now, I can stand well enough, and speake well enough.

All. Excellent well.

Cas. Very well then: you must not thinke, that I am drunke. *Ex.*

Mon. To the plotforme maisters. Come, let's set the watch.

Iag. You see this fellow that is gone before,
He is a Souldier fit to stand by *Cæsar*,
And giue direction: and doe but see his vice,
Tis to his vertue, a just equinox,
The one as long as th'other: tis pitty of him,
I feare the trust *Othello* put him in,
On some odde time of his infirmity,
Will shake this Island.

Mon. But is he often thus.

Iag. Tis euermore the Prologue to his sleepe:
Hee'le watch the horologe a double set,
If drinke rocke not his cradle.

Mon. Twere well the Generall were put in minde of it,
Perhaps he sees it not, or his good nature,
Praises the vertues that appeares in *Cassio*,
And looke not on his euills: is not this true?

Iag. How now *Roderigo*, *Enter* Roderigo.
I pray you after the Leiutenant, goe. *Exit Rod.*

Mon. And tis great pitty that the noble Moore should

Should hazard such a place, as his owne second,
With one of an ingraft infirmity:
It were an honest action to say so to the Moore.

Iag. Nor I, for this faire Island:
I doe loue *Cassio* well, and would doe much, *Helpe, helpe, within.*
To cure him of this euill: but harke, what noyse.

Enter Cassio, *driuing in* Roderigo.

Cas. Zouns, you rogue, you rascall.

Mon. what's the matter Leiutenant?

Cas. A knaue, teach mee my duty: but I'le beate the knaue into a wicker bottle.

Rod. Beate me?

Cas. Dost thou prate rogue? *They fight.*

Mon. Good Leiutenant; pray sir hold your hand.

Cas. Let me goe sir, or ile knocke you ore the mazzard.

Mon. Come, come, you are drunke.

Cas. Drunke? *A bell rung.*

Iag. Away I say, goe out and cry a mutiny.
Nay good Leiutenant: godswill Gentlemen,
Helpe ho, Leiutenant: Sir *Montanio*, sir,
Helpe maisters, here's a goodly watch indeed,
Who's that that rings the bell? Diablo --- ho,
The Towne will rise, godswill Leiutenant, hold,
You will be sham'd for euer.

Enter Othello, *and Gentlemen with weapons.*

Oth. What is the matter here?

Mon. Zouns, I bleed still, I am hurt, to the death:

Oth. Hold, for your liues.

Iag. Hold, hold Leiutenant, sir *Montanio*, Gentlemen,
Haue you forgot all place of sence, and duty:
Hold, the Generall speakes to you; hold, hold, for shame.

Oth. Why how now ho, from whence arises this?
Are we turn'd *Turkes*, and to our selues doe that,
Which Heauen has forbid the *Ottamites*:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22305) LONDON, 1622 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.32) Octavo

For Christian shame, put by this barbarous brawle;
He that stirres next, to carue forth his owne rage,
Holds his soule light, he dies vpon his motion;
Silence that dreadfull bell, it frights the Isle
From her propriety: what's the matter masters?
Honest *Iago*, that lookes dead with grieuing,
Speake, who began this, on thy loue I charge thee.

Iag. I doe not know, friends all but now, euen now,
In quarter, and in termes, like bride and groome,
Deuesting them to bed, and then but now,
As if some planet had vnwitted men,
Swords out, and tilting one at others breast,
In opposition bloody. I cannot speake
Any beginning to this peeuish odds;
And would in action glorious, I had lost
These legges, that brought me to a part of it.

Oth. How came it *Michael*, you were thus forgot?

Cas. I pray you pardon me, I cannot speake.

Oth. Worthy *Montanio*, you were wont be ciuill,
The grauity and stilnesse of your youth,
The world hath noted, and your name is great,
In men of wisest censure: what's the matter
That you vnlace your reputation thus,
And spend your rich opinion, for the name
Of a night brawler? giue me answer to't?

Mon. Worthy *Othello*, I am hurt to danger,
Your Officer *Iago* can informe you,
While I spare speech, which something now offends me,
Of all that I doe know, nor know I ought
By me, that's sed or done amisse this night,
Vnlesse selfe-charity be sometime a vice,
And to defend our selues it be a sinne,
When violence assayles vs.

Oth. Now by heauen
My blood begins my safer guides to rule,
And passion hauing my best iudgement coold,
Assayes to leade the way. Zouns, if I stirre,

Or doe but lift this arme, the best of you
Shall sinke in my rebuke: giue me to know
How this foule rout began, who set it on,
And he that is approou'd in this offence,
Tho he had twin'd with me, both at a birth,
Shall loose me; what, in a Towne of warre,
Yet wild, the peoples hearts brim full of feare,
To mannage priuate and domesticke quarrels,
In night, and on the Court and guard of safety?
Tis monstrous. *Iago*, who began?

Mon. If partiality affin'd, or league in office,
Thou doest deliuer, more or lesse then truth,
Thou art no souldier.

Iag. Touch me not so neere,
I had rather ha this tongue out from my mouth,
Then it should doe offence to *Michael Cassio*:
Yet I perswade my selfe to speake the truth,
Shall nothing wrong him. Thus it is Generall:
Montanio and my selfe being in speech,
There comes a fellow, crying out for helpe,
And *Cassio* following him with determin'd sword,
To execute vpon him: Sir this Gentleman
Steps in to *Cassio*, and intreates his pause;
My selfe the crying fellow did pursue,
Lest by his clamour, as it so fell out,
The Towne might fall in fright: he swift of foote,
Out ran my purpose: and I returnd the rather,
For that I heard the clinke and fall of swords:
And *Cassio* high in oaths, which till to night,
I ne're might see before: when I came backe,
For this was briefe, I found them close together,
At blow and thrust, euen as agen they were,
When you your selfe did part them.
More of this matter can I not report,
But men are men, the best sometimes forget;
Tho *Cassio* did some little wrong to him,
As men in rage strike those that wish them best,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22305) LONDON, 1622 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.32) Octavo

Yet surely *Cassio*, I beleeue receiu'd
From him that fled, some strange indignity,
Which patience could not passe.

Oth. I know *Iago*,
Thy honesty and loue doth mince this matter,
Making it light to *Cassio*: *Cassio*, I loue thee,
But neuer more be Officer of mine. *Enter* Desdemona, *with others.*
Looke if my Gentle loue be not raisde vp:
I'le make thee an example.

Desd. What is the matter?

Oth. All's well now sweeting:
Come away to bed: sir, for your hurts,
My selfe will be your surgeon; leade him off;
Iago, looke with care about the Towne,
And silence those, whom this vile brawle distracted.
Come *Desdemona*: tis the Souldiers life,
To haue their balmy slumbers wak'd with strife,

Iag. What are you hurt Leiutenant?

Exit Moore, Desdemona, *and attendants.*

Cas. I, past all surgery.

Iag. Mary God forbid.

Cas. Reputation, reputation, I ha lost my reputation:
I ha lost the immortall part sir of my selfe,
And what remaines is beastiall, my reputation,
Iago, my reputation.

Iag. As I am an honest man, I thought you had receiu'd some bodily wound, there is more offence in that, then in Reputation: reputation is an idle and most false imposition, oft got without merit, and lost without deseruing. You haue lost no reputation at all, vnlesse you repute your selfe such a loser; what man, there are wayes to recouer the Generall agen: you are but now cast in his moode, a punishment more in policy, then in malice, euen so, as one would beate his offenceless dog, to affright an imperious Lyon: sue to him againe, and hees yours.

Cas. I will rather sue to be despis'd, then to deceiue so good a Commander, with so light, so drunken, and indiscreete an Officer: O thou inuisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to bee knowne by

by, let vs call thee Diuell.

Iag. What was he, that you followed with your sword? What had he done to you?

Cas. I know not.

Iag. Ist possible?

Cas. I remember a masse of things, but nothing distinctly; a quarrell, but nothing wherefore. O God, that men should put an enemy in there mouthes, to steale away there braines; that wee should with ioy, Reuell, pleasure, and applause, transforme our selues into beasts.

Iag. Why, but you are now well enough: how came you thus recouered?

Cas. It hath pleasde the Diuell drunkennesse, to giue place to the Diuell wrath; one vnperfectnesse, shewes me another, to make me frankely despise my selfe.

Iag. Come, you are too seuere a morraler; as the time, the place, the condition of this Countrey stands, I could heartily wish, this had not so befalne; but since it is as it is, mend it, for your own good.

Cas. I will aske him for my place againe, hee shall tell me I am a drunkard: had I as many mouthes as *Hydra*, such an answer would stop em all: to be now a sensible man, by and by a foole, and presently a beast. Every vnordinate cup is vnblest, and the ingredience is a diuell.

Iag. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well vs'd; exclaime no more against it; and good Leiutenant, I thinke you thinke I loue you.

Cas. I haue well approou'd it sir, — I drunke?

Iag. You, or any man liuing may bee drunke at some time: I'le tell you what you shall do, — our Generals wife is now the Generall; I may say so in this respect, for that he has deuoted and giuen vp himselfe to the contemplation, marke and deuotement of her parts and graces. Confesse your selfe freely to her, importune her, shee'll helpe to put you in your place againe: she is so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, that shee holds it a vice in her goodnesse, not to doe more then shee is requested. This braule betweene you and her husband, intreate her to splinter, and my fortunes against any lay, worth naming, this cracke of your loue

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22305) LONDON, 1622 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.32) Octavo

shall grow stronger then twas before.

Cas. You aduise me well.

Iag. I protest in the sincerity of loue and honest kindnesse.

Cas. I thinke it freely, and betimes in the morning, will I beseech the vertuous *Desdemona*, to vndertake for me; I am desperate of my fortunes, if they checke me here.

Iag. You are in the right:
Good night Leiutenant, I must to the watch.

Cas. Good night honest *Iago.* *Exit.*

Iag. And what's he then, that sayes I play the villaine,
When this aduice is free I giue, and honest,
Proball to thinking, and indeed the course,
To win the Moore agen? For tis most easie
The inclining *Desdemona* to subdue,
In any honest suite, she's fram'd as fruitfull,
As the free Elements: and then for her
To win the Moore, wer't to renounce his baptisme,
All seales and symbols of redeemed sin,
His soule is so infetter'd to her loue,
That she may make, vnmake, doe what she list,
Euen as her appetite shall play the god
With his weake function: how am I then a villaine?
To counsell *Cassio* to this parrallell course.
Directly to his good: diuinity of hell,
When diuells will their blackest sins put on,
They doe suggest at first with heauenly shewes,
As I doe now: for while this honest foole
Plyes *Desdemona* to repaire his fortunes,
And she for him, pleades strongly to the Moore:
I'le poure this pestilence into his eare,
That she repeales him for her bodyes lust;
And by how much she striues to doe him good,
She shall vndoe her credit with the Moore,
So will I turne her vertue into pitch,
And out of her owne goodnesse make the net
That shall enmesh em all: *Enter* Roderigo.
How now *Roderigo*?

Rod.

Rod. I do follow here in the chase, not like a hound that hunts, but one that filles vp the cry: my money is almost spent, I ha bin to night exceedingly well cudgeld: I thinke the issue will be, I shall haue so much experience for my paines, as that comes to, and no money at all, and with that wit returne to *Venice*.

Iag. How poore are they, that ha not patience?
What wound did euer heale, but by degrees?
Thou knowest we worke by wit, and not by witchcraft,
And wit depends on dilatory time.
Do'st not goe well? *Cassio* has beaten thee,
And thou, by that small hurt, hast casheird *Cassio*,
The other things grow faire against the sun,
But fruites that blossome first, will first be ripe,
Content thy selfe awhile; bi'the masse tis morning;
Pleasure, and action, make the houres seeme short:
Retire thee, goe where thou art billeted,
Away I say, thou shalt know more hereafter:
Nay get thee gon. Some things are to be done,
My wife must moue for *Cassio* to her mistris,
I'le set her on.
My selfe awhile, to draw the Moore apart,
And bring him iumpe, when he may *Cassio* finde,
Soliciting his wife: I, that's the way,
Dull not deuise by coldnesse and delay.

Exeunt.

Enter Cassio *with Musitians and the Clowne.*

Cas. Masters, play here, I will content your paines,
Something that's briefe, and bid good morrow Generall.

Clo. Why masters, ha your instruments bin at Naples, that they speake i'the nose thus?

Boy. How sir, how?

Clo. Are these I pray, cald wind Instruments?

Boy. I marry are they sir:

Clo. O, thereby hangs a tayle.

Boy. Whereby hangs a tayle sir?

Clo. Marry sir, by many a winde Instrument that I know: But masters,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22305) LONDON, 1622 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.32) Octavo

masters heere's money for you, and the Generall so likes your musique, that hee desires you of all loues, to make no more noyse with it.

Boy. Well sir, we will not.

Clo. If you haue any musique that may not bee heard, to't againe, but as they saay, to heare musique, the Generall does not greatly care.

Boy. We ha none such sir.

Clo. Then put your pipes in your bag, for I'le away; goe, vanish away.

Cas. Doest thou heare my honest friend?

Clo. No, I heare not your honest friend, I heare you.

Cas. Preethee keepe vp thy quillets, there's a poore peece of gold for thee: if the Gentlewoman that attends the Generals wife be stirring, tell her there's one *Cassio*, entreates her a little fauour of speech --- wilt thou doe this?

Clo. She is stirring sir, if she will stirre hither, I shall seeme to notifie vnto her. *Enter* Iago.

Cas. Doe good my friend: In happy time *Iago*.

Iag. You ha not bin a bed then.

Cas. Why no, the day had broke before we parted: I ha made bold *Iago*, to send in to your wife, - my suite to her, Is, that she will to vertuous *Desdemona*, Procure me some accesse.

Iag. I'le send her to you presently, And le deuise a meane to draw the Moore Out of the way, that your conuerse and businesse, May be more free. *Exit.*

Cas. I humbly thanke you for it: I neuer knew A Florentine more kinde and honest:

Enter Emilia.

Em. Good morrow good Leiutenant, I am sorry For your displeasure, but all will soone be well, The Generall and his wife are talking of it, And she speakes for you stoutly: the Moore replies, That he you hurt is of great fame in *Cypres*, And great affinity, and that in wholesome wisedome,

He

He might not but refuse you: but he protests he loues you, And needes no other suitor but his likings, To take the safest occasion by the front, To bring you in againe.

Cas. Yet I beseech you, If you thinke fit, or that it may be done, Giue me aduantage of some briefe discourse With *Desdemona* alone.

Em. Pray you come in, I will bestow you where you shall haue time, To speake your bosome freely.

Exeunt.

Enter Othello, Iago, *and other Gentlemen.*

Oth. These letters giue *Iago*, to the Pilate, And by him, doe my duties to the State; That done, I will be walking on the workes, Repaire there to me.

Iag. Well my good Lord, I'le do't.

Oth. This fortification Gentlemen, shall we see't?

Gent. We waite vpon your Lordship.

Exeunt.

Enter Desdemona, Cassio *and* Emillia.

Des. Be thou assur'd good *Cassio*, I will doe All my abilities in thy behalfe.

Em. Good Madam do, I know it grieues my husband, As if the case were his.

Des. O that's an honest fellow: - do not doubt *Cassio*, But I will haue my Lord and you againe, As friendly as you were.

Cas. Bountious Madame, What euer shall become of *Michael Cassio*, Hee's neuer any thing but your true seruant.

Des. O sir, I thanke you, you doe loue my Lord: You haue knowne him long, and be you well assur'd, He shall in strangest, stand no farther off, Then in a politique distance.

Cas.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22305) LONDON, 1622 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.32) Octavo

Cas. I but Lady,
The pollicy may either last so long,
Or feede vpon such nice,and watrish diet,
Or breed it selfe, so out of circumstance,
That I being absent,and my place supplied,
My Generall will forget my loue and seruice:
Desd. Doe not doubt that,before *Emilia* here,
I giue thee warrant of thy place; assure thee
If I doe vow a friendship,I'le performe it
To the last Article; my Lord shall neuer rest,
I'le watch him tame,and talke him out of patience;
His bed shall seeme a schoole,his boord a shrift,
I'le intermingle euery thing he does,
With *Cassio's* suite; therefore be merry *Cassio*,
For thy soiliciter shall rather die,
Then giue thee cause: away.

Enter Othello,Iago,*and Gentlemen.*

Em. Madam,here comes my Lord.
Cas. Madam,I'le take my leaue.
Desd. Why stay and heare me speake.
Cas. Madam not now,I am very ill at ease,
Vnfit for mine owne purpose.
Desd. Well, doe your discretion. *Exit* Cassio.
Iag. Ha,I like not that.
Oth. What doest thou say?
Iag. Nothing my Lord,or if,I know not what.
Oth. Was not that *Cassio* parted from my wife?
Iag. *Cassio* my Lord? --no sure,I cannot thinke it,
That he would sneake away so guilty-like,
Seeing you comming.
Oth. I doe beleeue twas he.
Desd. How now my Lord,
I haue beene talking with a suiter here,
A man that languishes in your displeasure.
Oth. Who i'st you meane?
Desd. Why your Leiutenant *Cassio*, good my Lord,

If I haue any grace or power to moue you,
His present reconsiliation take:
For if he be not one that truely loues you,
That erres in ignorance,and not in cunning,
I haue no iudgement in an honest face,
I preethee call him backe.
Oth. Went he hence now?
Desd. Yes faith,so humbled,
That he has left part of his griefes with me,
I suffer with him; good loue call him backe.
Oth. Not now sweete *Desdemona* some other time.
Desd. But shal't be shortly?
Oth. The sooner sweete for you.
Desd. Shal't be to night at supper?
Oth. No,not to night.
Desd. To morrow dinner then?
Oth. I shall not dine at home,
I meete the Captaines,at the Cittadell.
Desd. Why then to morrow night, or Tuesday morne,
On Tuesday morne,or night,or Wensday morne,
I preethee name the time,but let it not
Exceed three dayes: Ifaith hee's penitent,
And yet his trespasse,in our common reason,
(Saue that they say,the warres must make examples,
Out of her best) is not almost a fault,
To incurre a priuate checke: when shall he come?
Tell me *Othello*: I wonder in my soule,
What you could aske me,that I should deny?
Or stand so muttering on? What *Michael Cassio*?
That came a wooing with you,and so many a time
When I haue spoke of you dispraisingly,
Hath tane your part,to haue so much to doe
To bring him in? Birlady I could doe much.
Oth. Preethee no more,let him come when he will,
I will deny thee nothing.
Desd. Why this is not a boone,
Tis as I should intreate you weare your gloues:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22305) LONDON, 1622 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.32) Octavo

Or feede on nourishing dishes, or keepe you warme,
Or sue to you, to doe a peculiar profit
To your owne person: nay, when I haue a suite,
Wherein I meane to touch your loue indeed,
It shall be full of poise and difficulty,
And fearefull to be granted.

Oth. I will deny thee nothing,
Whereon I doe beseech thee grant me this,
To leaue me but a little to my selfe.

Desd. Shall I deny you? no, farewell my Lord.

Oth. Farewell my *Desdemona*, I'le come to thee straight.

Desd. *Emillia*, come, be it as your fancies teach you,
What ere you be I am obedient. *Exit* Desd. *and* Em.

Oth. Excellent wretch, perdition catch my soule,
But I doe loue thee, and when I loue thee not,
Chaos is come againe.

Iag. My noble Lord.

Oth. What doest thou say *Iago*?

Iag. Did *Michael Cassio* when you wooed my Lady,
Know of your loue?

Oth. He did from first to last: -- Why doest thou aske?

Iag. But for a satisfaction of my thoughts.
No further harme.

Oth. Why of thy thought *Iago*?

Iag. I did not thinke he had beene acquainted with her.

Oth. O yes, and went betweene vs very often.

Iag. Indeed?

Oth. Indeed? Indeed, discern'st thou ought in that?
Is he not honest?

Iag. Honest my Lord? *Oth.* Honest? I honest.

Iag. My Lord, for ought I know.

Oth. What doest thou thinke?

Iag. Thinke my Lord?

Oth. Thinke my Lord? By heauen he ecchoes me.
As if there were some monster in his thought:
Too hideous to be shewne: thou didst meane something;
I heard thee say but now, thou lik'st not that,

When

When *Cassio* left my wife: what didst not like?
And when I told thee, he was of my counsell,
In my whole course of wooing, thou cridst indeed?
And didst contract, and purse thy brow together,
As if thou then hadst shut vp in thy braine,
Some horrible counsell: if thou doest loue me,
Shew me thy thought.

Iag. My Lord, you know I loue you.

Oth. I thinke thou doest,
And for I know, thou art full of loue and honesty,
And weigheſt thy words, before thou giue em breath,
Therefore these stops of thine affright me the more:
For such things in a false disloyall knaue,
Are trickes of custome; but in a man that's iust,
They are close denotements, working from the heart,
That passion cannot rule.

Iag. For *Michael Cassio*,
I dare presume, I thinke that he is honest,

Oth. I thinke so to.

Iag. Men should be that they seeme,
Or those that be not, would they might seeme none.

Oth. Certaine, men should be what they seeme.

Iag. Why then I thinke *Cassio's* an honest man.

Oth. Nay yet there's more in this,
I prethee speake to me to thy thinkings:
As thou doest ruminate, and giue the worst of thought,
The worst of word.

Iag. Good my Lord pardon me;
Though I am bound to euery act of duty,
I am not bound to that all slaues are free to,
Vtter my thoughts? Why, say they are vile and false:
As where's that palace, whereinto foule things
Sometimes intrude not? who has a breast so pure,
But some vncleanely apprehensions,
Keepe leetes and law-dayes, and in Session sit
With meditations lawfull?

Oth. Thou doest conspire against thy friend *Iago*,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22305) LONDON, 1622 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.32) Octavo

If thou but thinkeſt him wrongd, and makeſt his eare
A ſtranger to thy thoughts.
Iag. I doe beſeech you,
Though I perchance am vicious in my gheſſe,
As I confeſſe it is my natures plague,
To ſpy into abuſes, and oft my iealouſie
Shapes faults that are not, I intreate you then,
From one that ſo imperfectly coniects,
You'd take no notice, nor build your ſelfe a trouble,
Out of my ſcattering, and vnſure obſeruance;
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honeſty, or wiſedome,
To let you know my thoughts,
Oth. Zouns.
Iag. Good name in man and woman's deere my Lord;
Is the immediate Iewell of our ſoules:
Who ſteales my purſe, ſteals traſh, tis ſomething, nothing,
Twas mine, tis his, and has bin ſlaue to thouſands:
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that, which not inriches him,
And makes me poore indeed.
Oth. By heauen I'le know thy thought.
Iag. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand,
Nor ſhall not, whilſt tis in my cuſtody:
O beware iealouſie.
It is the greene eyd monſter, which doth mocke
That meate it feedes on. That Cuckold liues in bliſſe,
Who certaine of his fate, loues not his wronger:
But oh, what damned minutes tells he ore,
Who dotes, yet doubts, ſuſpects, yet ſtrongly loues.
Oth. O miſery.
Iag. Poore and content is rich, and rich enough,
But riches, fineleſſe, is as poore as winter,
To him that euer feares he ſhall be poore:
Good God, the ſoules of all my tribe defend
From iealouſie,
Oth. Why, why is this?

Thinkſt

Thinkſt thou I'de make a life of iealouſie?
To follow ſtill the changes of the Moone
With freſh ſuſpitions? No, to be once in doubt,
Is once to be reſolud: exchange me for a Goate,
When I ſhall turne the buſineſſe of my ſoule
To ſuch exufflicate, and blowne ſurmiſes,
Matching thy inference: tis not to make me iealous,
To ſay my wife is faire, feedes well, loues company,
Is free of ſpeech, ſings, playes, and dances well;
Where vertue is, theſe are more vertuous:
Nor from mine owne weake merrits will I draw
The ſmalleſt feare, or doubt of her reuolt,
For ſhe had eies, and choſe me: no *Iago*,
I'le ſee before I doubt, when I doubt, proue,
And on the proofe, there is no more but this:
Away at once with loue or iealouſie.
Iag. I am glad of it, for now I ſhall haue reaſon,
To ſhew the loue and duty that I beare you,
With franker ſpirit: therefore as I am bound
Receiue it from me: I ſpeake not yet of proofe,
Looke to your wife, obſerue her well with *Caſsio*;
Weare your eie thus, not iealous, nor ſecure,
I would not haue your free and noble nature,
Out of ſelfe-bounty be abus'd, looke to't:
I know our Country diſpoſition well,
In *Venice* they doe let God ſee the prankes
They dare ſhew their husbands: their beſt conſcience,
Is not to leaue vndone, but keepe vnknowne.
Oth. Doeſt thou ſay ſo.
Iag. She did deceiue her father marrying you;
And when ſhe ſeem'd to ſhake and feare your lookes,
She lou'd them moſt. *Oth.* And ſo ſhe did.
Iag. Why go too then,
She that ſo young, could giue out ſuch a ſeeming,
To ſeale her fathers eyes vp, cloſe as Oake,
He thought twas witchcraft: but I am much too blame,
I humbly doe beſeech you of your pardon,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22305) LONDON, 1622 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.32) Octavo

For too much louing you.

Oth. I am bound to thee for euer.

Iag. I see this hath a little dasht your spirits.

Oth. Not a iot, not a iot.

Iag. Ifaith I feare it has.
I hope you will consider what is spoke,
Comes from my loue: But I doe see you are moou'd,
I am to pray you, not to straine my speech,
To grosser issues, nor to larger reach,
Then to suspition.

Oth. I will not.

Iag. Should you doe so my Lord,
My speech should fall into such vile successe,
As my thoughts aime not at: *Cassio's* my trusty friend:
My Lord, I see you are moou'd.

Oth. No, not much moou'd,
I doe not thinke but *Desdemona's* honest.

Iag. Long liue she so, and long liue you to thinke so.

Oth. And yet how nature erring from it selfe.

Iag. I, there's the point: as to be bold with you,
Not to affect many proposed matches,
Of her owne Clime, complexion, and degree,
Whereto we see in all things, nature tends;
Fie we may smell in such a will, most ranke
Foule disproportion: thoughts vnnaturall.
But pardon me: I doe not in position,
Distinctly speake of her, tho I may feare
Her will recoyling to her better iudgement,
May fall to match you with her countrey formes,
And happily repent.

Oth. Farewell, if more
Thou doest perceiue, let me know more, set on
Thy wife to obserue: leaue me *Iago.*

Iag. My Lord I take my leaue.

Oth. Why did I marry? This honest creature doubtlesse
Sees and knowes more, much more then he vnfoulds.
My Lord, I would I might intreate your honour,

Iag. To scan this thing no further, leaue it to time,
Tho it be fit, that *Cassio* haue his place,
For sure he fills it vp with great ability:
Yet if you please to hold him off awhile,
You shall by that perceiue him and his meanes;
Note if your Lady straine her entertainement,
With any strong or vehement importunity,
Much will be seene in that, in the meane time,
Let me be thought too busie in my feares,
As worthy cause I haue, to feare I am;
And hold her free, I doe beseech your honour.

Oth. Feare not my gouernement.

Iag. I once more take my leaue. *Exit*

Oth. This fellowe's of exceeding honesty,
And knowes all qualities, with a learned spirit
Of humaine dealing: if I doe prooue her haggard,
Tho that her Iesses were my deare heart strings,
I'de whistle her off, and let her downe the wind,
To prey at fortune. Happily, for I am blacke,
And haue not those soft parts of conuersation,
That Chamberers haue, or for I am declind
Into the vale of yeares; yet that's not much,
Shee's gone, I am abus'd, and my releife
Must be to loathe her: O curse of marriage,
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites: I had rather be a Toade,
And liue vpon the vapor in a dungeon,
Then keepe a corner in a thing I loue,
For others vses: yet tis the plague of great ones,
Prerogatiu'd are they lesse then the base,
Tis destiny, vnshunnable, like death:
Euen then this forked plague is fated to vs,
When we doe quicken: *Desdemona* comes,
If she be false, O then heauen mocks it selfe,
I'le not beleeue it.

Enter Desdemona *and* Emillia.

Desd. How now my deare *Othello*?

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22305) LONDON, 1622 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.32) Octavo

Your dinner, and the generous Ilander
By you inuited, doe attend your presence,
Oth. I am to blame.
Des. Why is your speech so faint? are you not well?
Oth. I haue a paine vpon my forehead, here.
Des. Faith that's with watching, 'twill away againe;
Let me but bind your head, within this houre
It will be well againe.
Oth. Your napkin is too little:
Let it alone, come I'le goe in with you.
Des. I am very sorry that you are not well.
Em. I am glad I haue found this napkin, *Ex.* Oth. *and*
This was her first remembrance from the Moore, Des.
My wayward husband, hath a hundred times
Wooed me to steale it, but she so loues the token,
For he coniur'd her, she should euer keepe it,
That she reserues it euer more about her,
To kisse, and talke to; I'le ha the worke taine out,
And giu't *Iago*: what hee'll doe with it,
Heauen knowes, not I, *Enter* Iago.
I nothing know, but for his fantasie.
Iag. How now, what doe you here alone?
Em. Doe not you chide, I haue a thing for you.
Iag. A thing for me, it is a common thing.
Em. Ha?
Iag. To haue a foolish thing.
Em. O, is that all? what will you giue me now,
For that same handkercher?
Iag. What handkercher?
Em. What handkercher?
Why that the Moore first gaue to *Desdemona*,
That which so often you did bid me steale.
Iag. Ha'st stole it from her?
Em. No faith, she let it drop by negligence,
And to the aduantage, I being here, took't vp:
Looke here it is.
Iag. A good wench, giue it me. *Em.*

Em. What will you doe with it, that you haue bin
So earnest to haue me filch it?
Iag. Why, what's that to you?
Em. If it be not for some purpose of import,
Giue mee't againe, poore Lady, shee'll run mad,
When she shall lacke it.
Iag. Be not you knowne on't, I haue vse for it: -- go leaue me;
I will in *Cassio's* Lodging lose this napkin, *Exit* Em.
And let him finde it: trifles light as ayre,
Are to the iealous, confirmations strong
As proofes of holy writ, this may doe something,
Dangerous conceits are in their natures poisons,
Which at the first are scarce found to distast.
But with a little art, vpon the blood, *Ent.* Othello.
Burne like the mindes of sulphure: I did say so:
looke where he comes, not Poppy, nor Mandragora,
Nor all the drousie sirrops of the world,
Shall euer medicine thee to that sweete sleepe,
Which thou owedst yesterday.
Oth. Ha, ha, false to me, to me?
Iag. Why how now Generall? no more of that.
Oth. Auant, be gone, thou hast set me on the racke,
I sweare, tis better to be much abus'd,
Then but to know a little.
Iag. How now my Lord?
Oth. What sense had I of her stolne houres of lust:
I saw't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me,
I slept the next night well, was free, and merry;
I found not *Cassio's* kisses on her lips,
He that is rob'd, not wanting what is stolne,
Let him not know'r, and hee's not rob'd at all.
Iag. I am sorry to heare this.
Oth. I had bin happy if the generall Campe,
Pyoners, and all, had tasted her sweete body,
So I had nothing knowne: O now for euer
Farewell the tranquile mind, farewell content:
Farewell the plumed troope, and the big warres.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22305) LONDON, 1622 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.32) Octavo

That makes ambition vertue: O farewell,
Farewell the neighing Steed, and the shrill Trumpe,
The spirit-stirring Drumme, the eare-peircing Fife;
The royall Banner, and all quality,
Pride, pompe, and circumstance of glorious warre.
And O ye mortall Engines, whose wide throates,
The immortall *Ioues* great clamor counterfeit;
Farewell, *Othello's* Occupation's gone.

Iag. Ist possible my Lord?

Oth. Villaine, be sure thou proue my Loue a whore,
Be sure of it, giue me the oculer proofe,
Or by the worth of mans eternall soule,
Thou hadst bin better haue beene borne a dog,
Then answer my wak'd wrath.

Iag. Ist come to this?

Oth. Make me to see't, or at the least so proue it,
That the probation, beare no hinge, nor loope,
To hang a doubt on: or woe vpon thy life.

Iag. My noble Lord.

Oth. If thou doest slander her, and torture me,
Neuer pray more, abandon all remorce.
On horrors head, horrors accumilate:
Do deeds, to make heauen weepe, all earth amaz'd,
For nothing canst thou to damnation ad greater then that.

Iag. O grace, O heauen defend me,
Are you a man, haue you a soule or sence?
God buy you, take mine office, -- O wretched foole,
That liuest to make thine honesty a vice,
O monstrous world, take note, take note, O world,
To be direct and honest, is not safe,
I thanke you for this profit, and from hence,
I'le loue no friend, since loue breedes such offence.

Oth. Nay stay, thou shouldst be honest.

Iag. I should be wise, for honestie's a foole,
And loose that it workes for:
I see sir, you are eaten vp with passion,
I doe repent me that I put it to you,

You would be satisfied.

Oth. Would, nay, I will.

Iag. And may, but how, how satisfied my Lord?
Would you, the supervisor grossely gape on,
Behold her topt?

Oth. Death and damnation -- oh.

Iag. It were a tedious difficulty I thinke,
To bring em to that prospect, damn em then,
If euer mortall eyes did see them boulster
More then their owne; what then, how then?
What shall I say? where's satisfaction?
It is impossible you should see this.
Were they as prime as Goates, as hot as Monkies,
As salt as Wolues, in pride; and fooles as grosse,
As ignorance made drunke: But yet I say,
If imputation and strong circumstances,
Which leade directly to the doore of truth,
Will giue you satisfaction, you may ha't.

Oth. Giue me a liuing reason, that shee's disloyall.

Iag. I doe not like the office,
But sith I am enter'd into this cause so farre,
Prickt to't by foolish honesty and loue,
I will goe on: I lay with *Cassio* lately,
And being troubled with a raging tooth, I could not sleep.
There are a kinde of men so loose of soule,
That in their sleepes will mutter their affaires,
One of this kinde is *Cassio*:
In sleepe I heard him say, Sweete *Desdemona*,
Let vs be merry, let vs hide our loues;
And then sir, would he gripe and wring my hand,
Cry out, sweete creature, and then kisse me hard,
As if he pluckt vp kisses by the rootes,
That grew vpon my lips, then layed his leg
Ouer my thigh, and sigh'd, and kissed, and then
Cried, curst fate, that gaue thee to the Moore.

Oth. O Monstrous, monstrous.

Iag. Nay, this was but his dreame.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22305) LONDON, 1622 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.32) Octavo

Oth. But this deuoted a fore-gone concluſion,
Iag. Tis a ſhrewd doubt, tho it be but a dreame,
And this may helpe to thicken other proofes,
That doe demonſtrate thinly.
Oth. I'le teare her all to peeces.
Iag. Nay, but be wiſe, yet we ſee nothing done,
She may be honeſt yet, tell me but this,
Haue you not ſometimes ſeene a handkercher,
Spotted with ſtrawberries in your wiues hand.
Oth. I gaue her ſuch a one, twas my firſt gift.
Iag. I know not that, but ſuch a handkercher,
I am ſure it was your wiues, did I to day
See *Caſſio* wipe his beard with.
Oth. If't be that.
Iag. If it be that, or any, it was hers,
It ſpeakes againſt her, with the other proofes.
Oth. O that the ſlaue had forty thouſand liues,
One is too poore, too weake for my reuenge:
Now doe I ſee 'tis time, looke here *Iago*,
All my fond loue, thus doe I blow to heauen, 'tis gone.
Ariſe blacke vengeance, from thy hollow Cell,
Yeeld vp O loue thy crowne, and harted Throne,
To tirranous hate, ſwell boſome with thy fraught,
For 'tis of Aſpecks tongues.
Iag. Pray be content. *he kneeles.*
Oth. O blood, *Iago*, blood.
Iag. Patience I ſay, your mind perhaps may change.
Oth. Neuer:
In the due reuerence of a ſacred vow,
I here ingage my words.
Iag. Doe not riſe yet:
Witneſſe you euer-burning lights aboue,
You Elements that clip vs round about, Iago *kneeles.*
Witneſſe that here, *Iago* doth giue vp
The excellency of his wit, hand, heart,
To wrong'd *Othello's* ſeruice: let him command,
And to obey, ſhall be remorce,

VVhat bloody worke ſo euer.
Oth. I greete thy loue:
Not with vaine thankes, but with acceptance bounteous,
And will vpon the inſtant put thee to't,
VVithin theſe three dayes, let me heare thee ſay,
That *Caſſio's* not aliue,
Iag. My friend is dead:
'Tis done as you requeſt, but let her liue.
Oth. Dam her lewd minks: O dam her,
Come, goe with me apart, I will withdraw
To furniſh me with ſome ſwift meanes of death,
For the faire diuell: now art thou my Leiutenant.
Iag. I am your owne for euer. *Exeunt.*

Enter Deſdemonia Emilla *and the Clowne.*

Deſ. Do you know ſirra, where the Leiutenant *Caſſio* lies?
Clo. I dare not ſay he lies any where.
Deſ. VVhy man?
He is a Souldier, and for one to ſay a Souldier lies, is ſtabbing.
Deſ. Go to, where lodges he?
Clo. I know not where he lodges, and for me to deuiſe a lodging, and ſay he lies there, were to lie in my throate.
Deſd. Can you inquire him out, and be edified by report?
Clo. I will cathechize the world for him, that is, make queſtions And by them anſwer.
Deſd. Seeke him, bid him come hither, tell him I haue moued my Lord in his behalfe, and hope all will be well.
Clo. To doe this is within the compaſſe of a man, and therefore I'le attempt the doing of it. *Exit.*
Deſd. VVhere ſhould I looſe that handkercher *Emillia*?
Em. I know not Madam.
Deſ. Beleeue me, I had rather looſe my purſe
Full of Cruſadoes: and but my noble Moore.
Is true of minde, and made of no ſuch baſeneſſe,
As icalous creatures are, it were enough,
To put him to ill thinking.
Em. Is he not icalous:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22305) LONDON, 1622 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.32) Octavo

Desd. Who he? I thinke the Sun where he was borne,
Drew all such humors from him. *Enter* Othello.
Em. Looke where he comes.
Des. I will not leaue him now,
Let *Cassio* be cald to him: how is it with you my Lord?
Oth. Well my good Lady: O hardnesse to dissemble:
How doe you *Desdomona?*
Des. Well, my good Lord.
Oth. Giue me your hand, this hand is moist my Lady.
Des. It yet has felt no age, nor knowne no sorrow.
Oth. This argues fruitfulnesse and liberall heart,
Not hot and moist, this hand of yours requires
A sequester from liberty: fasting and praying,
Much castigation, exercise deuout;
For heere's a young and sweetting diuell here,
That commonly rebels: 'tis a good hand,
A franke one.
Des. You may indeed say so,
For twas that hand that gaue away my heart.
Oth. A liberall hand, the hearts of old gaue hands,
But our new herraldry is hands, not hearts.
Des. I cannot speake of this, come, come, your promise.
Oth. What promise chucke?
Des. I haue sent to bid *Cassio* come speake with you.
Oth. I haue a salt and sullen rhume offends me,
Lend me thy handkercher,
Des. Here my Lord.
Oth. That which I gaue you.
Des. I haue it not about me.
Oth. Not.
Des. No faith my Lord.
Oth. Thats a fault: that handkercher
Did an *Egyptian* to my mother giue,
She was a charmer, and could almost reade
The thoughts of people; she told her while she kept it,
T'would make her amiable, and subdue my father
Intirely to her loue: But if she lost it,

Intirely to her loue: But if she lost it,
Or made a gift of it: my fathers eye
Should hold her lothely, and his spirits should hunt
After new fancies: she dying, gaue it me,
And bid me when my fate would haue me wiue,
To giue it her; I did so, and take heede on't,
Make it a darling, like your pretious eye,
To loose, or giue't away, were such perdition,
As nothing else could match.
Desd. I'ft possible?
Oth. 'Tis true, there's magicke in the web of it,
A Sybell that had numbred in the world,
The Sun to make two hundred compasses,
In her prophetique fury, sowed the worke;
The wormes were hallowed that did breed the silke,
And it was died in Mummy, with the skilfull
Conserues of maidens hearts.
Des. Ifaith i'ft true?
Oth. Most veritable, therefore looke to't well.
Des. Then would to God, that I had neuer seene it.
Oth. Ha, wherefore?
Des. Why doe you speake so startingly and rashly.
Oth. I'ft lost? i'ft gone? speake, is it out o'the way?
Des. Heauen blesse vs.
Oth. Say you?
Des. It is not lost, but what and if it were?
Oth. Ha.
Des. I say it is not lost.
Oth. Fetch't, let me see it,
Des. Why so I can sir, but I will not now,
This is a tricke, to put me from my suite,
I pray let *Cassio*, be receiu'd againe.
Oth. Fetch me that handkercher, my mind misgiues.
Des. Come, come, you'll neuer meete a more sufficient man.
Oth. The handkercher.
Des. I pray talke me of *Cassio*.
Oth. The handkercher.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22305) LONDON, 1622 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.32) Octavo

Des. A man that all his time,
Hath founded his good fortunes on your loue,
Shar'd dangers with you.
Oth. The handkercher.
Des. Ifaith you are too blame.
Oth. Zouns. *Exit.*
Em. Is not this man iealous?
Des. I ne're saw this before:
Sure there's some wonder in this handkercher,
I am most vnhappy in the losse.

Enter Iago *and* Cassio.

Em. Tis not a yeere or two shewes vs a man,
They are all but stomacks, and we all but foode;
They eate vs hungerly, and when they are full,
They belch vs; looke you, *Cassio* and my husband.
Iag. There is no other way, tis she must doe it,
And loe the happinesse, goe, and importune her.
Des. How now good *Cassio*, what's the news with you?
Cas. Madam, my former suite: I doe beseech you,
That by your vertuous meanes, I may againe
Exist, and be a member of his loue,
Whom I, with all the duty of my heart,
Intirely honour, I would not be delayed:
If my offence be of such mortall kind,
That neither seruice past, nor present sorrowes,
Nor purpos'd merrit, in futurity
Can ransome me, into his loue againe
But to know so, must be my benefit,
So shall I cloth me in a forc'd content,
And shoote my selfe vp in some other course,
To fortunes almes.
Des. Alas thrice gentle *Cassio*,
My aduocation is not now in tune;
My Lord is not my Lord, nor should I know him,
Were he in fauour, as in humor alred.
So helpe me, euery spirit sanctified,
As I haue spoken for you, all my best,

And stood within the blanke of his displeasure,
For my free speech: you must a while be patient,
What I can doe I will, and more I will
Then for my selfe I dare, let that suffice you.
Iag. Is my Lord angry?
Em. He went hence but now,
And certainely in strange vnquietnesse.
Iag. Can he be angry? I haue seene the Cannon,
When it hath blowne his rankes into the ayre;
And (like the Diuell) from his very arme,
Puft his owne brother, and can he be angry?
Something of moment then: I will goe meete him,
There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry.
Des. I prethee do so: something sure of State,
Either from *Venice*, or some vnhatcht practice,
Made demonstrable here in *Cypres* to him,
Hath pudled his cleere spirit, and in such cases
Mens natures wrangle with inferior things,
Tho great ones are the obiect,
Tis euen so: for let our finger ake,
And it endues our other heathfull members,
Euen to that sence of paine; nay, we must thinke,
Men are not gods,
Nor of them looke for such obseruances
As fits the Bridall: beshrew me much *Emilia*,
I was (vnhandsome, warrior as I am)
Arraigning his vnkindenesse with my soule;
But now I finde, I had subborned the witnesse,
And hee's indited falsly.
Em. Pray heauen it be State matters, as you thinke,
And no conception, nor no iealous toy
Concerning you.
Des. Alas the day, I neuer gaue him cause.
Em. But iealous soules will not be answered so,
They are nor euer iealous for the cause,
But iealous for they are iealous: tis a monster,
Begot vpon it selfe, borne on it selfe.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22305) LONDON, 1622 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.32) Octavo

Desd. Heauen keepe that monster from *Othello's* mind.
Em. Lady, Amen.
Des. I will goe seeke him, *Cassio*, walke here about,
If I doe finde him fit, I'le moue your suite, *Exeunt* Desd.
And seeke to effect it to my vttermost. *and* Emillia.
Cas. I humbly thanke your Ladiship.
Bian. Saue you friend *Cassio*. *Enter* Bianca.
Cas. What make you from home?
How is it with you my most faire *Bianca*?
Ifaith sweete loue I was comming to your house.
Bian. And I was going to your Lodging *Cassio*;
What, keepe a weeke away? seuen daies and nights,
Eightscore eight houres, and louers absent houres,
More tedious then the diall, eightscore times,
No weary reckoning.
Cas. Pardon me *Bianca*,
I haue this while with laden thoughts bin prest,
But I shall in a more conuenient time,
Strike off this score of absence: sweete *Bianca*,
Take me this worke out.
Bian. Oh *Cassio*, whence came this?
This is some token from a newer friend,
To the felt absence, now I feele a cause,
Is come to this?
Cas. Go to woman,
Throw your vile ghesses in the diuells teeth,
From whence you haue them, you are iealous now,
That this is from some mistriffe, some remembrance.
No by my faith *Bianca*,
Bian. Why who's is it?
Cas. I know not sweete, I found it in my chamber,
I like the worke well, ere it be demanded,
As like enough it will, I'de haue it coppied,
Take it, and do't, and leaue me for this time.
Bian. Leaue you, wherefore?
Cas. I doe attend here on the Generall,
And thinke it no addition, nor my wish,

To haue him see me woman'd.
Bian. But that you doe not loue me:
I pray you bring me on the way a little,
And say, if I shall see you soone at night.
Cas. Tis but a little way, that I can bring you,
For I attend here, but I'le see you soone.
Bian. Tis very good, I must be circumstanc'd.
Exeunt.

Actus. 4.

Enter Iago *and* Othello.

Iag. Will you thinke so?
Oth. Thinke so *Iago*.
Iag. What, to kisse in priuate?
Oth. An vnauthoriz'd kisse.
Iag. Or to be naked with her friend abed,
An houre, or more, not meaning any harme.
Oth. Naked abed *Iago*, and not meane harme?
It is hypocrisie against the diuell:
They that meane vertuously, and yet doe so,
The diuell their vertue tempts, and they tempt heauen.
Iag. So they doe nothing, tis a veniall slip;
But if I giue my wife a handkercher.
Oth. What then?
Iag. Why then tis hers my Lord, and being hers,
She may, I thinke, bestow't on any man.
Oth. She is protectres of her honour to,
May she giue that?
Iag. Her honour is an essence that's not seene,
They haue it very oft, that haue it not:
But for the handkercher.
Oth. By heauen, I would most gladly haue forgot it:
Thou saidst (O it comes o're my memory,
As doth the Rauen o're the infected house,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22305) LONDON, 1622 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.32) Octavo

Boding to all.) He had my hankercher.

Iag. I,what of that?

Oth. That's not so good now.

Iag. What if I had said I had seene him do you wrong?
Or heard him say (as knaues be such abroad)
Who hauing by their owne importunate suite,
Or by the voluntaty dotage of some mistris,
Conuinced,or supplied them,cannot chuse,
But they must blab.

Oth. Hath he said any thing?

Iag. He hath my Lord,but be you well assur'd,
No more then hee'l vnsweare.

Oth. What hath he sayd?

Iag. Faith that he did -- I know not what he did.

Oth. But what? *Iag.* Lye.

Oth. With her?

Iag. With her,on her,what you will.

Oth. Lie with her,lie on her? We say lie on her,when they bely her; lye with her, Zouns, that's fulsome,handkerchers,Confession, hankerchers. *He falls downe.*

Iag. Worke on my medicine, worke: thus credulous fooles are caught,and many worthy and chaste dames, euen thus all guiltlesse, meete reproach; What ho my Lord,my Lord I say,*Othello*,--how now *Cassio*. *Enter* Cassio.

Cas. What's the matter?

Iag. My Lord is falne into an Epilepsy,
This is his second fit,he had one yesterday.

Cas. Rub him about the Temples.

Iag. No,forbeare,
The Lethergie,must haue his quiet course,
If not he foames at mouth,and by and by
Breakes out to sauage madnesse: looke he stirres:
Doe you withdraw your selfe a little while,
He will recouer straight,when he is gone,
I would on great occasion speake with you.
How is it Generall,haue you not hurt your head?

Oth. Doest thou mocke me?

Iag.

Iag. I mocke you? no by Heauen,
Would you would beare your fortunes like a man.

Oth. A horned man's a monster,and a beast.

Iag. There's many a beast then in a populous City,
And many a ciuill monster.

Oth. Did he confesse?

Iag. Good sir be a man,
Thinke euery bearded fellow,that's but yoak'd,
May draw with you,there's millions now alriue,
That nightly lyes in those vnproper beds,
Which they dare sweare peculiar: your case is better:
O tis the spite of hell,the fiends arch mocke,
To lip a wanton in a secure Coach,
And to suppose her chaste: No,let me know,
And knowing what I am,I know what she shall be.

Oth. O thou art wise,tis certaine.

Iag. Stand you awhile apart,
Confine your selfe but in a patient list:
Whilst you were here ere while, mad with your griefe,
A passion most vnfuting such a man,
Cassio came hither,I shifted him away,
And layed good scuse,vpon your extacy,
Bid him anon retire,and here speake with me,
The which he promisde: but incaue your selfe,
And marke the Ieeres,the libes,and notable scornes,
That dwell in euery region of his face;
For I will make him tell the tale anew,
Where,how,how oft,how long agoe,and when,
He has,and is againe to cope your wife:
I say,but marke his iesture,mary patience,
Or I shall say,you are all in all,in spleene,
And nothing of a man.

Oth. Doest thou heare *Iago*,
I will be found most cunning in my patience;
But doest thou heare,most bloody.

Iag. That's not amisse:
But yet keepe time in all; will you withdraw?

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22305) LONDON, 1622 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.32) Octavo

Now will I queſtion *Caſsio* of *Bianca*;
A huſwife that by ſelling her deſires,
Buys her ſelfe bread and cloathes: it is a Creature,
That dotes on *Caſsio*: as tis the ſtrumpets plague
To beguile many, and be beguild by one, *Ent.* Caſſio.
He, when he heares of her, cannot refraine
From the exceſſe of laughter: here he comes:
As he ſhall ſmile, *Othello* ſhall goe mad,
And his vnbookiſh iealouſie muſt conſter
Poore *Caſsio's* ſmiles, geſtures, and light behauiour,
Quite in the wrong: How doe you now Leiutenant?

Caſ. The worſer, that you giue me the addition,
Whoſe want euen kills me.

Iag. Ply *Deſdemona* well, and you are ſure on't.
Now if this ſuite lay in *Bianca's* power,
How quickly ſhould you ſpeed.

Caſ. Alas poore Catiue.

Oth. Looke how he laughes already.

Iag. I neuer knew a woman loue man ſo.

Caſ. Alas poore rogue, I thinke ifaith ſhe loues me.

Oth. Now he denyes it faintly, and laughes it out.

Iag. Doe you heare *Caſsio*?

Oth. Now he importunes him to tell it on,
Goe to, well ſaid.

Iag. She giues it out that you ſhall marry her,
Doe you intend it?

Caſ. Ha, ha, ha.

Oth. Doe you triumph Roman, doe you triumph?

Caſ. I marry her? I prethee beare ſome charity to my wit,
Doe not thinke it ſo vnwholeſome: ha, ha, ha.

Oth. So, ſo, ſo, ſo, laugh that wins.

Iag. Faith the cry goes, you ſhall marry her.

Caſ. Prethee ſay true.

Iag. I am a very villaine elſe,

Oth. Ha you ſtor'd me well.

Caſ. This is the monkies own giuing out; ſhe is perſwaded I will marry her, out of her owne loue and flattery, not out of my promiſe.

Oth.

Oth. *Iago* beckons me, now he begins the ſtory.

Caſ. She was heere euen now, ſhee haunts me in euery place, I was tother day, talking on the ſea banke, with certaine *Venetians*, and thither comes this bauble, by this hand ſhe fals thus about my neck.

Oth. Crying, O deare *Caſsio*, as it were: his geſture imports it.

Caſ. So hangs, and lolls, and weepes vpon me; ſo hales, and puls me, ha, ha, ha.

Oth. Now he tells how ſhe pluckt him to my Chamber,
I ſee that noſe of yours, but not that dog I ſhall throw't to.

Caſ. Well, I muſt leaue her company. *Enter* Bianca.

Iag. Before me, looke where ſhe comes,
Tis ſuch another ficho; marry a perfum'd one, what doe you meane by this haunting of me.

Bian. Let the diuel and his dam haunt you, what did you meane by that ſame handkercher, you gaue mee euen now? I was a fine foole to take it; I muſt take out the whole worke, a likely peece of worke, that you ſhould find it in your chamber, and not know who left it there: this is ſome minxes token, and I muſt take out the worke; there, giue it the hobby horſe, whereſoeuer you had it, Ile take out no worke on't.

Caſ. How now my ſweete *Bianca*, how now, how now?

Oth. By heauen that ſhould be my handkercher.

Bian. An you'll come to ſupper to night, you may, an you will not, come when you are next prepar'd for. *Exit.*

Iag. After her, after her.

Caſ. Faith I muſt, ſhee'll raile i'the ſtreete elſe.

Iag. Will you ſup there?

Caſ. Faith I intend ſo.

Iag. Well, I may chance to ſee you, for I would very faine ſpeake with you.

Caſ. Prethee come, will you?

Iag. Goe to, ſay no more. *Exit* Caſſio.

Oth. How ſhall I murder him *Iago*?

Iag. Did you perceiue, how he laughed at his vice?

Oth. O *Iago*,

Iag. And did you ſee the handkercher?

Oth. Was that mine?

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22305) LONDON, 1622 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.32) Octavo

Oth. I would haue him nine yeares a killing; a fine woman, a faire woman, a sweete woman.

Iag. Nay you must forget.

Oth. And let her rot and perish, and be damb'd to night, for she shall not liue: no, my heart is turn'd to stone; I strike it, and it hurts my hand: O the world has not a sweeter creature, she might lie by an Emperours side, and command him taskes.

Iag. Nay that's not your way.

Oth. Hang her, I doe but say what she is: So delicate with her needle, an admirable musition, O shee will sing the sauageneſſe out of a Beare; of so hye and plentious wit and inuention.

Iag. Shee's the worse for all this.

Oth. A thousand thousand times: and then of so gentle a condition.

Iag. I, too gentle.

Oth. I that's certaine, but yet the pitty of it *Iago*, the pitty.

Ia. If you be so fond ouer her iniquity, giue her patent to offend, for if it touches not you, it comes neere no body.

Oth. I will chop her into messes --- cuckold me!

Iag. O tis foule in her.

Oth. With mine Officer.

Iag. That's fouler.

Oth. Get me some poison *Iago*, this night I'le not expostulate with her, lest her body and beauty vnprouide my minde agen, this night *Iago*.

Iag. Doe it not with poison, strangle her in her bed, euen the bed she hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good, the iustice of it pleases very good.

Iag. And for *Cassio*, let me bee his vndertaker: you shall heare more by midnight. *A Trumpet.*

Enter Lodouico, Desdemona, *and Attendants.*

Oth. Excellent good:
What Trumpet is that same?

Iag. Something from *Venice* sure, tis *Lodouico*,
Come from the Duke, and see your wife is with him.

Lod.

Lod. God saue the worthy Generall.

Oth. With all my heart sir.

Lod. The Duke and Senators of *Venice* greete you.

Oth. I kisse the instrument of their pleasures.

Des. And what's the newes good cousen *Lodouico*?

Iag. I am very glad to see you Seignior: -- welcome to *Cypres*.

Lod. I thanke you, how does Lieutenant *Cassio*?

Iag. Liues sir.

Des. Cousen, there's falne betweene him and my Lord,
An vnkind breach, but you shall make all well.

Oth. Are you sure of that?

Des. My Lord.

Oth. This faile you not to doe, as you will. --

Lod. He did not call, hee's busie in the paper:
Is there diuision betweene thy Lord and *Cassio*?

Des. A most vnhappy one, I would doe much
To attone them, for the loue I beare to *Cassio*.

Oth. Fire and Brimstone.

Des. My Lord.

Oth. Are you wise?

Desd. What, is he angry?

Lod. May be the letter mou'd him;
For as I thinke, they doe command him home,
Deputing *Cassio* in his gouernement.

Desd. By my troth, I am glad on't.

Oth. Indeed.

Des. My Lord.

Oth. I am glad to see you mad.

Des. How sweete *Othello*?

Oth. Diuell.

Des. I haue not deseru'd this:

Lod. My Lord, this would not be beleeu'd in *Venice*,
Tho I should sweare I saw't: tis very much,
Make her amends, she weepes.

Oth. O Diuell, Diuell,
If that the earth could teeme with womens teares
Each drop she falls, would proue a Crocadile:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22305) LONDON, 1622 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.32) Octavo

Out of my ſight.

Def. I will not ſtay to offend you,

Lod. Truely an obedient Lady:
I doe beſeech your Lordſhip, call her backe.

Oth. Miſtriſſe.

Def My Lord.

Oth. What would you with her ſir?

Lod. Who, I my Lord?

Oth. I, you did wiſh that I would make her turne:
Sir ſhe can turne, and turne, and yet go on,
And turne againe, and ſhe can weepe ſir, weepe;
And ſhee's obedient, as you ſay, obedient;
Very obedient, proceed you in your teares,
Concerning this ſir: O well painted paſſion:
I am commanded here: -- get you away,
Ile ſend for you anon: --Sir, I obey the mandat,
And will returne to *Venice*: --- hence, auant,
Caſsio ſhall haue my place; and ſir to night
I doe intreate that we may ſup together,
You are welcome ſir to *Cypres*, -- goates and monkies. *Exit.*

Lod. Is this the noble Moore, whom our full Senate
Call all in all ſufficient? This the noble nature,
Whom paſſion could not ſhake? Whoſe ſolid vertue,
The ſhot of accident, nor dart of chance
Could neither graze, nor peirce?

Iag. He is much changed.

Lod. Are his wits ſafe? is he not light of braine?

Iag. He's that he is, I may not breathe my cenſure,
What he might be, if as he might, he is not,
I would to heauen he were.

Lod. What, ſtrike his wife.

Iag. Faith that was not ſo wel'; yet would I knew
That ſtroake would proue the worſt.

Lod. Is it his vſe?
Or did the letters worke vpon his blood.
And new create this fault?

Iag. Alas, alas.

It is not honeſty in me to ſpeake,
What I haue ſeene and knowne, you ſhall obſerue him,
And his owne courſes will denote him ſo,
That I may ſaue my ſpeech: doe but goe after,
And marke how he continues.

Lod. I am ſorry that I am deceiu'd in him.

Exeunt.

Enter Othello *and* Emillia.

Oth. You haue ſeene nothing then.

Em. Nor euer heard, nor euer did ſuſpect.

Oth. Yes, and you haue ſeene *Caſsio* and ſhe together.

Em. But then I ſaw no harme, and then I heard
Each ſillable that breath made vp betweene 'em.

Oth. What, did they neuer whiſper?

Em. Neuer, my Lord.

Oth. Nor ſend you out o'the way?

Em. Neuer.

Oth. To fetch her fan, her mask, her gloues, nor nothing?

Em. Neuer, my Lord.

Oth. That's ſtrange.

Em. I durſt my Lord, to wager ſhe is honeſt,
Lay downe my ſoule at ſtake: if you thinke other,
Remoue your thought, it doth abuſe your boſome,
If any wretch ha put this in your head,
Let heauens requite it with the Serpents curſe,
For if ſhe be not honeſt, chaſte, and true,
There's no man happy, the pureſt of her Sex
Is foule as ſlander. *Exit* Emillia.

Oth. Bid her come hither, goe,
She ſayes enough, yet ſhe's a ſimple bawde,
That cannot ſay as much: this is a ſubtle whore,
A cloſet, locke and key, of villainous ſecrets,
And yet ſhee'll kneele and pray, I ha ſeene her do't.

Enter Deſdemona *and* Emillia.

Def. My Lord, what is your will?

Oth. Pray chucke come hither.

Def. What is your pleaſure?

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22305) LONDON, 1622 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.32) Octavo

Oth. Let me see your eyes--looke in my face.
Des. What horrible fancy's this?
Oth. Some of your function mistrisse,
Leaue procreants alone, and shut the dore,
Coffe, or cry hem, if any body come,
Your mistery, your mistery: nay dispatch. *Exit* Em.
Des. Vpon my knees, what does your speech import?
I vnderstand a fury in your words,
But not the words.
Oth. Why, what art thou?
Des. Your wife my Lord, your true and loyall wife.
Oth. Come, sweare it, dam thy selfe,
Least being like one of heauen, the diuells themselues
Should feare to cease thee, therefore be double damb'd,
Sweare thou art honest.
Des. Heauen doth truely know it.
Oth. Heauen truely knowes, that thou art false as hell.
Des. To whom, my Lord, with whom? how am I false?
Oth. O *Desdemona*, away, away, away.
Des. Alas the heauy day, why do you weepe?
Am I the occasion of those teares my Lord?
If haply you my father doe suspect,
An Instrument of this your calling backe,
Lay not your blame on me; if you haue left him,
Why I haue left him too.
Oth. Had it pleas'd heauen
To try me with affliction, had he ram'd
All kindes of sores, and shames on my bare head,
Steep'd me in pouerty, to the very lips,
Giuen to captiuity, me and my hopes,
I should haue found in some part of my soule
A drop of patience; but alas, to make me
A fixed figure, for the time of scorne,
To point his slow vnmouing fingers at--oh, oh,
Yet could I beare that too, well, very well.
But there: where I haue garner'd vp my heart,
Where either I must liue, or beare no life,

The fountaine, from the which my currant runnes,
Or else dryes vp, to be discarded thence,
Or keepe it as a Cesterne, for foule Toades
To knot and gender in: turne thy complexion there,
Patience thy young and rose-lip'd Cherubin,
I here looke grim as Hell.
Des. I hope my noble Lord esteemes me honest.
Oth. O I, as summers flies, are in the shambles,
That quicken euen with blowing:
O thou blacke weede, why art so louely faire?
Thou smell'st so sweete, that the sence akes at thee,
Would thou hadst ne're bin borne.
Des. Alas, what ignorant sinne haue I committed?
Oth. Was this faire paper, this most goodly booke,
Made to write whore on?---What, committed?
Heauen stops the nose at it, and the Moone winkes,
The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meetes,
Is husht within the hallow mine of earth,
And will not hear't:--what committed,-impudent strumpet.
Des. By heauen you doe me wrong.
Oth. Are not you a strumpet?
Des. No, as I am a Christian:
If to preserue this vessell for my Lord,
From any hated foule vnlawfull touch,
Be not to be a strumpet, I am none.
Oth. What, not a whore?
Des. No, as I shall be saued. *Enter* Emillia.
Oth. Is it possible?
Des. O heauen forgiue vs.
Oth. I cry you mercy,
I tooke you for that cunning whore of *Venice*,
That married with *Othello*: you mistrisse,
That haue the office opposite to S. *Peter*,
And keepes the gates in hell, I, you, you, you;
We ha done our course; there's money for your paines,
I pray you turne the key, and keepe our counsell. *Exit.*
Em. Alas, what does this Gentleman conceiue?

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22305) LONDON, 1622 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.32) Octavo

How doe you Madam, how doe you my good Lady?

Def. Faith halfe asleepe.

Em. Good Madam, what's the matter with my Lord?

Def. With who?

Em. Why with my Lord Madam.

Def. I ha none, doe not talke to me *Emillia*,
I cannot weepe, nor answer haue I none,
But what should goe by water: prethee to night
Lay on my bed our wedding sheetes, remember,
And call thy husband hither.

Em. Here is a change indeed. *Exit.*

Def. 'Tis meete I should be vsde so, very well;
How haue I bin behau'd, that he might sticke
The smallest opinion, on my greatest abuse.

Iag. What is your pleasure Madam, *Enter* Iago.
How ist with you? *and* Emillia.

Def. I cannot tell: those that doe teach young babes
Doe it with gentle meanes, and easie taskes,
He might ha chid me so, for in good faith,
I am a child at chiding.

Iag. What is the matter Lady?

Em. Alas *Iago*, my Lord hath so bewhor'd her,
Throwne such despite, and heauy termes vpon her,
As true hearts cannot beare.

Def. Am I that name *Iago*?

Iag. What name faire Lady?

Def. Such as she sayes my Lord did say I was?

Em. He call'd her whore: A begger in his drinke,
Could not haue layed such tearmes vpon his Callet.

Iag. Why did he so?

Def. I doe not know, I am sure I am none such.

Iag. Doe not weepe, doe not weepe: alas the day.

Em. Has she forsooke so many noble matches,
Her Father, and her Country, all her friends,
To be cald whore? would it not make one weepe?

Def. It is my wretched fortune.

Iag. Beshrew him for it; how comes this tricke vpon him?

Def.

Def. Nay, heauen doth know.

Em. I will be hang'd, if some eternall villaine,
Some busie and insinuating rogue,
Some cogging, cousening slaue, to get some office,
Haue not deuisde this slander, I'le be hang'd else.

Iag. Fie, there is no such man, it is impossible.

Def. If any such there be, heauen pardon him.

Em. A halter pardon him, and hell gnaw his bones:
Why should he call her whore? who keepes her company?
What place, what time, what for me, what likelihood?
The Moore's abus'd by some outragious knaue:
Some base notorious knaue, some scuruy fellow,
O heauen, that such companions thoudst vnfold,
And put in euery honest hand a whip,
To lash the rascall naked through the world,
Euen from the East to the West.

Iag. Speake within dores.

Em. O fie vpon him; some such squire he was,
That turnd your wit, the seamy side without,
And made you to suspect me with the Moore.

Iag. You are a foole, goe to.

Def. O Good *Iago*,
What shall I doe to win my Lord againe?
Good friend goe to him, for by this light of heauen,
I know not how I lost him.

Iag. I pray you be content, 'tis but his humour,
The businesse of the State does him offence,
And he does chide with you.

Def. If t'were no other.

Iag. 'Tis but so, I warrant you;
Harke how these Instruments summon you to supper,
And the great Messengers of *Venice* stay,
Goe in, and weepe not, all things shall be well. *Exit women.*
How now *Roderigo*? *Enter* Roderigo.

Rod. I doe not finde that thou dealst iustly with me.

Iag. What in the contrary?

Rod. Euery day, thou doffst me, with some deuise *Iago*;

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22305) LONDON, 1622 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.32) Octavo

And rather, as it seemes to me, thou keepest from me,
All conueniency, then supplyest me, with the least
Aduantage of hope: I will indeed no longer indure it,
Nor am I yet perswaded to put vp in peace, what already
I haue foolishly sufferd.

Iag. Will you heare me *Roderigo*?

Rod. Faith I haue heard too much, for your words,
And performance are no kin together.

Iag. You charge me most vniustly.

Rod. I haue wasted my selfe out of meanes: the Iewels you haue had from me, to deliuer to *Desdemona*, would halfe haue corrupted a Votarist: you haue told me she has receiu'd em, and return'd mee expectation, and comforts, of suddaine respect, and acquittance, but I finde none.

Iag. Well, goe to, very good.

Rod. Very well, goe to, I cannot goe to man, it is not very well, by this hand, I say tis very scuruy, and begin to finde my selfe fopt in it.

Iag. Very well.

Rod. I say it is not very well: I will make my selfe knowne to *Desdemona*, if she will returne me my Iewels, I will giue ouer my suite, and repent my vnlawfull sollicitation, if not, assure your selfe I'le seeke satisfaction of you.

Iag. You haue said now.

Rod. I, and I haue said nothing, but what I protest entendment of doing.

Iag. Why now I see there's mettle in thee, and euen from this time doe build on thee, a better opinion then euer before, giue me thy hand *Roderigo*: Thou hast taken against me a most iust conception, but yet I protest, I haue delt most directly in thy affaires.

Rod. It hath not appeared.

Iag. I grant indeed it hath not appear'd, and your suspition is not without wit and iudgement: But *Roderigo*, if thou hast that within thee indeed, which I haue greater reason to beleeue now, then euer, I meane purpose, courage, and valour, this night shew it, if thou the next night following enioyest not *Desdemona*, take mee from this world with treachery, and deuise engines for my life.

Rod.

Rod. Well, is it within reason and compasse?

Iag. Sir, there is especiall command come from *Venice*,
To depute *Cassio* in *Othello's* place.

Rod. Is that true? why then *Othello* and *Desdemona*
Returne againe to *Venice*.

Iag. O no, he goes into *Mauritania*, and takes away with him
The faire *Desdemona*, vnlesse his abode be linger'd
Here by some accident, wherein none can be so
determinate, as the remouing of *Cassio*.

Rod. How doe you meane remouing of him?

Iag. Why, by making him vncapable of *Othello's* place,
Knocking out his braines.

Rod. And that you would haue me to doe.

Iag. I, and if you dare doe your selfe a profit, and right, hee sups to night with a harlot, and thither will I goe to him; --- he knowes not yet of his honourable fortune: if you will watch his going thence, which I will fashion to fall out betweene twelue and one, you may take him at your pleasure: I will be neere to second your attempt, and hee shall fall betweene vs: come, stand not amaz'd at it, but goe along with mee, I will shew you such a necessity in his death, that you shall thinke your selfe bound to put it on him. It is now high supper time, and the night growes to wast: about it.

Enter *Othello*, *Desdemona*, *Lodouico*, *Emilia*, and Attendants.

Rod. I will heare further reason for this.

Iag. And you shall be satisfied. *Ex.* Iag. *and* Rod.

Lod. I do beseech you sir, trouble your selfe no further.

Oth. O pardon me, it shall doe me good to walke.

Lod. Madame, good night, I humbly thanke your Ladiship.

Des. Your honour is most welcome.

Oth. Will you walke sir: --- O *Desdemona*.

Des. My Lord.

Oth. Get you to bed, o'the instant I will be return'd, forthwith, dispatch your Attendant there, --- looke it be done. *Exeunt.*

Des. I will my Lord.

Em. How goes it now? he lookes gentler then he did.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22305) LONDON, 1622 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.32) Octavo

Def. He saies he will returne incontinent:
He hath commanded me to goe to bed,
And bad me to dismisse you.
Em. Dismisse me?
Def. It was his bidding, therefore good *Emillia*,
Giue me my nightly wearing, and adiue,
We must not now displease him.
Em. I would you had neuer seene him.
Def. So would not I, my loue doth so approue him,
That euen his stubbornenesse, his checks and frownes.
Prethee vnpin me; haue grace and fauour in them.
Em. I haue laid these sheetes you bade me, on the bed.
Def. All's one good faith: how foolish are our minds?
If I doe die before thee, prethee shrowd me
In one of those same sheetes.
Em. Come, come, you talke.
Def. My mother had a maid cald *Barbary*,
She was in loue, and he she lou'd, prou'd mad,
And did forsake her, she has a song of willow,
An old thing 'twas, but it expreſt her fortune,
And she died singing it, that Song to night,
Will not goe from my mind -- harke, who's that knocks?
Em. It is the wind.
Def. Now get thee gone, good night:
Mine eyes doe itch, does that bode weeping?
Em. Tis neither here nor there.
Def. Wouldst thou doe such a deed, for all the world?
Em. Why would not you.
Def. No, by this heauenly light.
Em. Nor I neither, by this heauenly light,
I might doe it as well in the darke.
Def. Would thou doe such a thing for all the world?
Em. The world is a huge thing, it is a great price,
For a small vice.
Def. Good troth I thinke thou wouldst not.
Em. By my troth I thinke I should, and vndo't when I had done it, mary I would not doe such a thing for a ioynt ring; or for measures

sures of Lawne, nor for Gownes, or Petticotes, nor Caps, nor any such exhibition; but for the whole world? vds pitty, who would not make her husband a Cuckole, to make him a Monarch? I should venture purgatory for it.
Def. Beshrew me, if I would doe such a wrong,
For the whole world.
Em. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i'the world; and hauing the world for your labour, tis a wrong in your owne world, and you might quickly make it right.
Def. I doe not thinke there is any such woman.
Em. Yes, a dozen, and as many to the vantage, as would store the world they played for.
Def. Good night, good night: God me such vsage send,
Not to picke bad from bad, but by bad mend.
Exeunt.

Actus. 5.

Enter Iago *and* Roderigo,
Iag. Here stand behind this Bulke, straite will he come,
Weare thy good Rapier bare, and put it home,
Quicke, quicke, feare nothing, I'le be at thy elboe;
It makes vs or it marres vs, thinke of that,
And fixe most firme thy resolution.
Rod. Be neere at hand, I may miscarry in't.
Iag. Here at thy hand, be bold, and take thy sword.
Rod. I haue no great deuotion to the dead;
And yet he has giuen me satisfying reasons,
Tis but a man gone: forth my sword, he dies.
Iag. I haue rubd this young gnat almost to the sense,
And he growes angry now: whether he kill *Cassio*,
Or *Cassio* him, or each doe kill the other,
Euery way makes my game; liue *Roderigo*,
He calls me to a restitution large,
For Gold and Iewells, that I bobd from him,
As gifts to *Desdemona*:
It must not be, if *Cassio* doe remaine,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22305) LONDON, 1622 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.32) Octavo

He has a daily beauty in his life,
That makes me vgly: and beſides, the Moore
May vnfould me to him; there ſtand I in perrill:
No, he muſt die, be't ſo, I heare him comming. *Ent.* Caſ.

Rod. I know his gate, tis he, villaine thou dieſt.

Caſ. That thruſt had bin my enemy indeed,
But that my coate is better then thou think'ſt,
I will make proofe of thine.

Rod. O I am ſlaine.

Caſ. I am maind for euer, light ho, murder, murder.

Enter Othello.

Oth. The voice of *Caſsio*, *Iago* keepes his word.

Rod. O villaine that I am.

Oth. Harke tis euen ſo.

Caſ. O helpe ho, light, a Surgeon.

Oth. Tis he, O braue *Iago*, honeſt and Iuſt,
That haſt ſuch noble ſence of thy friends wrong,
Thou teacheſt me; --minion, your deare lies dead,
And your fate hies apace; ſtrumpet I come;
Forth of my heart, thoſe charmes thine eyes are blotted,
Thy bed luſt-ſtaind, ſhall with luſts blood be ſpotted. *Ex.*

Enter Lodouico *and* Gratiano.

Caſ. What ho, no watch, no paſſage, murder, murder

Grat. Tis ſome miſchance, the cry is very direfull.

Caſ. O helpe. *Lod.* Harke.

Rod. O wretched villaine.

Lod. Two or three grones, it is a heauy night,
Theſe may be counterfeits, let's think't vnſafe
To come into the cry without more helpe.

Rod. No body come, then ſhall I bleed to death.

Enter Iago *with a light.*

Lod. Harke.

Grat. Here's one comes in his ſhirt, with lights and weapons,

Iag. Who's there? whoſe noiſe is this, that cries on murder.

Lod. I doe not know.

Iag. Did not you heare a cry?

Caſ. Here, here, for heauens ſake helpe me.

Iag.

Iag. What's the matter.

Grat. This is *Othello's* Ancient, as I take it.

Lod. The ſame indeed, a very valiant fellow.

Iag. What are you here, that cry ſo grecuouſly?

Caſ. *Iago*, O I am ſpoil'd, vndone by villaines,
Giue me ſome helpe.

Iag. O my Leiutenant: what villaines haue done this?

Caſ. I thinke the one of them is heere about,
And cannot make away.

Iag. O treacherous villaines:
What are you there? come in and giue ſome helpe.

Rod. O, helpe me here.

Caſ. That's one of em.

Iag. O murderous ſlaue, O villaine.

Rod. O dambd *Iago*, O inhumaine dog, -- o, o, o.

Ia. Kill him i'the dark? where be thoſe bloody theeues?
How ſilent is this Towne? Ho, murder, murder:
What may you be, are you of good or euill?

Lod. As you ſhall proue vs, praiſe vs.

Iag. Seignior *Lodouico*.

Lod. He ſir.

Iag. I cry you mercy: here's *Caſsio* hurt by villaines.

Grat. *Caſsio*.

Iag. How is it brother?

Caſ. My leg is cut in two.

Iag. Mary heauen forbid:
Light Gentlemen, I'le bind it with my ſhirt.

Enter Bianca.

Bian. What is the matter ho, who iſt that cried?

Iag. Who iſt that cried.

Bian. O my deare *Caſsio*, O my ſweete *Caſsio*, *Caſsio*, *Caſsio*.

Iag. O notable ſtrumpet: *Caſsio* may you ſuſpect
Who they ſhould be, that thus haue mangled you?

Caſ. No.

Gra. I am ſorry to find you thus, I haue bin to ſeeke you.

Bian. Alas he faints, O *Caſsio*, *Caſsio*, *Caſsio*.

Iag. Gentlemen all, I doe ſuſpect this traſh

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22305) LONDON, 1622 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.32) Octavo

To beare a part in this: patience a while good *Cassio*:
Lend me a light; know we this face, or no?
Alas my friend, and my deare countrey man:
Roderigo? no, yes sure: O heauen *Roderigo*.
Gra. What of *Venice*?
Iag. Euen he sir, did you know him?
Gra. Know him? I.
Iag. Seignior *Gratiano*, I cry you gentle pardon:
These bloody accidents must excuse my manners,
That so neglected you.
Gra. I am glad to see you.
Iag. How doe you *Cassio*? O a chaire, a chaire.
Gra. *Roderigo*.
Iag. He, tis he: O that's well said, a chaire:
Some good man beare him carefully from hence,
I'le fetch the Generalls Surgeon: for you mistrisse,
Saue you your labour, he that lies slaine here *Cassio*,
Was my deare friend, what malice was betwixt you?
Cas. None in the world, nor doe I know the man.
Iag. What, looke you pale? O beare him out o'th aire.
Stay you good Gentlewoman, looke you pale mistrisse?
Doe you perceiue the ieastures of her eye,
Nay, an you stirre, we shall haue more anon:
Behold her well I pray you, looke vpon her,
Doe you see Gentlemen? Nay guiltinesse
Will speake, though tongues were out of vse. *Enter* Em.
Em. 'Las what's the matter? what's the matter husband?
Iag. *Cassio* has here bin set on in the darke,
By *Roderigo*, and fellowes that are scap't,
Hee's almost slaine, and *Roderigo* dead.
Em. Alas good gentleman, alas good *Cassio*.
Iag. This is the fruite of whoring, pray *Emillia*,
Goe know of *Cassio*, where he supt to night:
What, doe you shake at that?
Bian. He supt at my house, but I therefore shake not.
Iag. O did he so, I charge you goe with me.
Em. Fie, fie vpon thee strumpet.

Bian.

Bian. I am no strumpet, but of life as honest,
As you, that thus abuse me.
Em. As I: fough, fie vpon thee.
Iag. Kind Gentlemen, let's goe see poore *Cassio* dresst,
Come mistresse, you must tell's another tale.
Emillia, runne you to the Cittadell,
And tell my Lord and Lady what has hapt:
Will you goe on, I pray, this is the night,
That either markes me, or foredoes me quite.

Exeunt.

Enter Othello *with a light.*

Oth. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soule,
Let me not name it to you, you chaste starres:
It is the cause, yet I'le not shed her blood,
Nor scarre that whiter skin of hers, then snow,
And smooth, as monumentall Alablaster;
Yet she must die, else shee'll betray more men,
Put out the light, and then put out the light:
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can againe, thy former light restore,
Should I repent me; but once put out thine,
Thou cunning patterne of excelling nature,
I know not where is that promethian heate,
That can thy light returne: when I haue pluckt the rose,
I cannot giue it vitall growth againe,
It must needes wither; I'le smell it on the tree,
A balmy breath, that doth almost perswade
Iustice her selfe to breake her sword once more,
Bethus, when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And loue thee after: once more, and this the last, *He*
So sweete was ne're so fatall: I must weepe, *kisses her.*
But they are cruell teares; this sorrowes heauenly,
It strikes when it does loue: she wakes.
Des. Who's there, *Othello*?
Oth. I, *Desdemona*.
Des. Will you come to bed my Lord?
Oth. Haue you prayed to night, *Desdemona*?

Des.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22305) LONDON, 1622 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.32) Octavo

Def. I my Lord:
Oth. If you bethinke your selfe of any crime,
Vnreconcil'd as yet to heauen and grace,
Sollicite for it straite.
Def. Alas my Lord, what may you meane by that?
Oth. Well doe it, and be briefe, I will walke by,
I would not kill thy vnprepared spirit,
No, heauen fore-fend, I would not kill thy soule.
Def. Talke you of killing?
Oth. I, I doe.
Def. Then heauen haue mercy on me.
Oth. Amen, with all my heart.
Def. If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.
Oth. Hum.
Def. And yet I feare you, for you are fatall then,
When your eyes roule so: why I should feare, I know not,
Since guiltinesse I know not, but yet I feele I feare.
Oth. Thinke on thy sinnes.
Def. They are loues I beare to you.
Oth. And for that thou dieft.
Def. That death's vnnaturall, that kills for louing,
Alas, why gnaw you so your neather lip?
Some bloody passion shakes your very frame,
These are portents: but yet I hope
They doe not point on me.
Oth. Peace, and be still.
Def. I will, so, what's the matter?
Oth. That handkercher which I so lou'd, and gaue thee,
Thou gaueft to *Cassio*.
Def. No, by my life and soule,
Send for the man and aske him.
Oth. Sweete soule take heed, take heed of periury,
Thou art on thy death-bed.
Def. I, but not yet to die.
Oth. Yes, presently:
Therefore confesse thee freely of thy sinne,
For to deny each article with oath,

Cannot

Cannot remoue, nor choke the strong conceit,
That I doe groane withall: thou art to die.
Def. Then Lord haue mercy on me.
Oth. I say Amen.
Def. And haue you mercy too:
I neuer did offend you in my life, -- neuer lou'd *Cassio*,
But with such generall warranty of heauen,
As I might loue: I neuer gaue him token.
Oth. By heauen I saw my handkercher in his hand,
O periured woman, thou doeft stone thy heart,
And makeft me call, what I intend to doe,
A murder, which I thought a sacrifice,
I saw the handkercher.
Def. He found it then,
I neuer gaue it him, send for him hither,
And let him confesse a truth.
Oth. He has confeft.
Def. What, my Lord?
Oth. That he hath---- vds death.
Def. How, vnlawfully?
Oth. I.
Def. He will not say so.
Oth. No, his mouth is stop'd,
Honeft *Iago* hath tane order for't.
Def. My feare interprets then, -- what is he dead?
Oth. Had all his haires bin liues,
My great reuenge had stomacke for 'em all.
Def. Alas he is betraid, and I vndone.
Oth. O strumpet, -- weepeft thou for him to my face?
Def. O banniſh me, my Lord, but kill me not.
Oth. Downe strumpet.
Def. Kill me to morrow, let me liue to night.
Oth. Nay, an you striue.
Def. But halfe an houre, but while I say one prayer.
Oth. Tis too late. *he stifles her.*
Def. O Lord, Lord, Lord. Emillia *calls within.*
Em. My Lord, my Lord, what ho, my Lord, my Lord.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22305) LONDON, 1622 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.32) Octavo

Oth. What voyce is this? not dead? not yet quite dead?
I that am cruell, am yet mercifull,
I would not haue thee linger in thy paine, --- ſo, ſo.
Em. What ho, my Lord, my Lord.
Oth. Who's there?
Em. O good my Lord, I'de ſpeake a word with you.
Oth. Yes, tis *Emillia*, by and by: ſhee's dead:
Tis like ſhe comes to ſpeake of *Caſsios* death;
The noyſe was here; ha, no more moueing,
Still as the graue: ſhall ſhe come in? were't good?
I thinke ſhe ſtirres againe; no, what's the beſt?
If ſhe come in, ſhee'll ſure ſpeake to my wife.
My wife, my wife, my wife; I ha no wife;
O inſupportable: O heauy houre.
Me thinks it ſhould be now a huge Eclips
Of Sunne and Moone, and that the affrighted Globe,
Should yawne at alteration.
Em. I doe beſeech you I may ſpeake with you, good my Lord.
Oth. I had forgot thee: O come in *Emillia*.
Soft, by and by; let me the Curtaines draw, *Ent.* Emil.
Where art thou? whats the matter with thee now?
Em. O my good Lord, yonder's foule murders done.
Oth. What, now?
Em. But now my Lord.
Oth. It is the very error of the Moone,
She comes more neere the earth, then ſhe was wont,
And makes men mad.
Em. *Caſsio* my Lord has kil'd a yong *Venetian*,
Cal'd *Roderigo*.
Oth. *Roderigo* kild, and *Caſsio* kild?
Em. No, *Caſsio* is not kild.
Oth. Not *Caſsio* kild, then murders out of tune,
And ſweete reuenge growes harſh.
Deſ. O falſly, falſly murdered.
Em. O Lord, what cry is that?
Oth. That? what?
Em. Out and alas, it is my Ladyes voyce;

Helpe,

Helpe, helpe, ho helpe, O Lady ſpeake againe,
Sweete *Deſdemona*, O ſweete Miſtreſſe ſpeake.
Deſ. A guiltleſſe death I die.
Em. O who has done this deed?
Deſ. No body, I my ſelfe, farewell:
Commend me to my kinde Lord, O farewell. *ſhe dies.*
Oth. Why, how ſhould ſhe be murdered?
Em. Alas, who knowes?
Oth. You heard her ſay, her ſelfe, it was not I.
Em. She ſayd ſo, I muſt needes report a truth.
Oth. She's like a lyer, gone to burning Hell,
'Twas I that kild her.
Em. O, the more Angell ſhe,
And you the blacker diuell.
Oth. She turn'd to folly, and ſhe was a whore.
Em. Thou doeſt bely her, and thou art a diuell.
Oth. She was falſe as water.
Em. Thou as raſh as fire,
To ſay that ſhe was falſe: O ſhe was heauenly true.
Oth. *Caſsio* did top her, aske thy husband elſe,
O I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,
But that I did proceed, vpon iuſt grounds,
To this extremity, thy husband knew it all.
Em. My husband?
Oth. Thy husband.
Em. That ſhe was falſe to wedlocke?
Oth. I, with *Caſsio*: nay, had ſhe bin true,
If heauen would make me ſuch another world,
Of one intire and perfect Criſolite,
I'de not haue ſold her for it.
Em. My husband?
Oth. I, twas he that told me firſt,
An honeſt man he is, and hates the ſlime,
That ſticks on filthy deedes.
Em. My husband?
Oth. What needes this iteration? woman, I ſay thy husband.
Em. If he ſay ſo, may his pernitious ſoule

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22305) LONDON, 1622 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.32) Octavo

Rot halfe a graine a day: he lies to'th heart,
She was too fond of her most filthy bargaine.
Oth. Ha?
Em. Doe thy worst,
This deed of thine is no more worthy heauen,
Then thou wast worthy her.
Oth. Peace, you were best.
Em. Thou hast not halfe the power to doe me harme,
As I haue to be hurt: O gull, O dolt,
As ignorant as dirtt; thou hast done a deed ---
I care not for thy sword, I'le make thee know,
Tho I lost twenty liues: helpe, helpe, O helpe;
The Moore has kild my Mistresse, murder, murder.
Enter Montano, Gratiano, Iago, *and others*.
Mon. What is the matter? how now Generall?
Em. O, are you come *Iago*? you haue done well,
That men must lay their murder on your neck.
All. What is the matter?
Em. Disproue this villaine, if thou bee'st a man;
He sayes thou toldst him that his wife was false,
I know thou didst not, thou art not such a villaine:
Speake, for my heart is full.
Iag. I told him what I thought, and told no more,
Then what he found himselfe was apt and true.
Em. But did you euer tell him she was false?
Iag. I did.
Em. You told a lie, an odious damned lie;
Vpon my soule, a lie, a wicked lie:
She false with *Cassio*; did you say with *Cassio*?
Iag. With *Cassio* mistresse; go to, charme your tongue.
Em. I will not charme my tongue, I am bound to speake.
Iag. What are you mad, I charge you get you home.
Em. Good Gentlemen let me haue leaue to speake,
Tis proper I obey him, but not now:
Perchance *Iago*, I will ne're goe home.
Oth. Oh, oh, oh. Oth. *falls on the bed.*
Em. Nay, lay thee downe, and rore,

For thou hast kild the sweetest innocent,
That ere did lift vp eye.
Oth. O she was foule:
I scarce did know you Vncle, there lies your Niece,
Whose breath indeed, these hands haue newly stopt,
I know this act shewes terrible and grim.
Gra. Poore *Desdemona*, I am glad thy father's dead,
Thy match was mortall to him, and pure griefe,
Shore his old thread atwane: did he liue now,
This sight would make him doe a desperate turne,
Yea curse his better Angell from his side,
And fall to reprobation.
Oth. Tis pittifull, but yet *Iago* knowes,
That she with *Cassio*, hath the act of shame
A thousand times committed; *Cassio* confest it,
And she did gratifie his amorous workes,
With the recognisance and pledge of loue,
Which I first gaue her; I saw it in his hand,
It was a handkercher; an Antique token
My father gaue my mother.
Em. O God, O heauenly God.
Iag. Zouns, hold your peace.
Em. 'Twill out, 'twill: I hold my peace sir, no,
I'le be in speaking, liberall as the ayre,
Let heauen, and men, and diuells, let em all,
All, all cry shame against me, yet I'le speake.
Iag. Be wise, and get you home.
Em. I will not.
Gra. Fie, your sword vpon a woman?
Em. O thou dull Moore, that handkercher thou speakst on,
I found by fortune, and did giue my husband:
For often with a solemne earnestnesse,
More then indeed belong'd to such a trifle,
He beg'd of me to steale it.
Iag. Villainous whore.
Em. She gaue it *Cassio*? no alas I found it,
And I did giu't my husband.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22305) LONDON, 1622 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.32) Octavo

Iag. Filth thou lieſt.

Em. By heauen I doe not, I doe not Gentlemen,
O murderous Coxcombe! what ſhould ſuch a foole
Doe with ſo good a woman?

The Moore runnes at Iago. Iago *kils his wife.*

Oth. Are there no ſtones in heauen,
But what ſerues for the thunder? pretious villaine.

Gra. The woman falls, ſure he has kild his wife.

Em. I, I, O lay me by my miſtreſſe ſide. *Exit* Iago.

Gra. Hee's gone, but his wife's kild.

Mon. Tis a notorious villaine, take your weapon,
Which I haue here recouered from the Moore:
Come, guard the dore without, let him not paſſe,
But kill him rather, I'le after that ſame villaine,
For tis a damned ſlaue. *Exit* Mont. *and* Gratiano.

Oth. I am not valiant neither,
But euery puny whipſter gets my ſword,
But why ſhould honour out liue honeſty?
Let it goe all.

Em. Moore, ſhe was chaſt, ſhe lou'd thee cruell Moore,
So come my ſoule to bliſſe, as I ſpeake true;
So ſpeaking as I thinke, I die, I die. *ſhe dies.*

Oth. I haue another weapon in this chamber,
It is a ſword of Spaine, the Iſebrookes temper;
O here it is; Vncle I muſt come forth. Gra. *within.*

Gra. If thou attempt it, it will coſt thee deere,
Thou haſt no weapon, and perforce muſt ſuffer.

Oth. Looke in vpon me then, and ſpeake to me,
Or naked as I am, I will aſſault thee.

Gra. What is the matter?

Oth. Behold, I haue a weapon,
A better neuer did it ſelfe ſuſtaine
Vpon a Souldiers thigh: I haue ſeene the day,
That with this little arme, and this good ſword,
I haue made my way through more impediments,
Then twenty times you ſtop: but O vaine boaſt,
Who can controule his Fate? tis not ſo now,

Pale as thy ſmocke, when we ſhall meete at count,
This looke of thine, will hurle my ſoule from heauen,
And fiends will ſnatch at it: cold, cold my girle,
Euen like thy chaſtity; O curſed ſlaue:
Whippe me you Diuells,
From the poſſeſſion of this heauenly ſight,
Blow me about in winds, roaſt me in ſulphure,
Waſh me in ſteepe downe gulphes of liquid fire:
O *Deſdemona*, *Deſdemona* dead, O, o, o.

Enter Lodouico, Montano, Iago, *and Officers,*
Caſſio *in a Chaire.*

Lod. Where is this raſh and moſt infortunate man.

Oth. That's he that was *Othello*, here I am.

Lod. Where is this Viper, bring the villaine forth.

Oth. I looke downe towards his feet, but that's a fable
If thou beeſt a diuell, I cannot kill thee.

Lod. Wring his ſword from him.

Iag. I bleed ſir, but not kil'd.

Oth. I am not ſorry neither, I'de haue thee liue,
For in my ſenſe tis happineſſe to die.

Lod. O thou *Othello*, that wert once ſo good,
Falne in the practiſe of a damned ſlaue,
What ſhould be ſaid to thee?

Oth. Why any thing,
An honourable murderer if you will:
For nought did I in hate, but all in honour.

Lod. This wretch hath part confeſt his villainy:
Did you and he conſent in *Caſsio's* death?

Oth. I.

Caſ. Deare Generall, I did neuer giue you cauſe.

Oth. I doe beleeue it, and I aske you pardon,
Will you pray, demand that demy diuell,
Why he hath thus inſnar'd my ſoule and body?

Iag. Demand me nothing, what you know you know,
From this time forth I neuer will ſpeake word.

Lod. What not to pray?

Grat. Torments will op'e your lips.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22305) LONDON, 1622 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.32) Octavo

Oth. Well, thou doest best.

Lod. Sir, you shall vnderstand what hath befalne,
Which, as I thinke you know not: here is a letter,
Found in the pocket of the slaine *Rodorigo*;
And here another; the one of them imports
The death of *Cassio*; to be vndertooke --- by *Rodorigo*.

Oth. O villaine.

Cas. Most heathenish, and most grosse.

Lod. Now heres another discontented paper,
Found in his pocket too, and this it seemes,
Roderigo meant to haue sent this damned villaine,
But that belike, *Iago*, in the nicke
Came in, and satisfied him.

Oth. O the pernitious catiffe!
How came you *Cassio* by a handkercher,
That was my wifes?

Cas. I found it in my chamber,
And he himselfe confest it euen now,
That there he dropt it, for a speciall purpose;
Which wrought to his desire.

Oth. O foole, foole, foole.

Cas. There is besides in *Roderigoes* letter
How he vpbraides *Iago*, that he made him,
Braue me vpon the watch, whereon it came,
That I was cast; and euen but now he spake,
After long seeming dead, *Iago* hurt him,
Iago set him on.

Lod. You must forsake this roome, and goe with vs,
Your power and your command is taken off,
And *Cassio* rules in *Cypres*: for this slaue,
If there be any cunning cruelty,
That can torment him much, and hold him long,
It shall be his: you shall close prisoner rest,
Till that the nature of your fault be knowne
To the *Venetian* State; come, bring him away.

Oth. Soft you, a word or two,
I haue done the State some seruice, and they know't;

No more of that: I pray you in your letters,
When you shall these vnlucky deedes relate,
Speake of them as they are; nothing extenuate,
Nor set downe ought in malice, then must you speake,
Of one that lou'd not wisely, but too well:
Of one not easily iealous, but being wrought,
Perplext in the extreame; of one whose hand,
Like the base *Indian*, threw a pearle away,
Richer then all his Tribe: of one whose subdued eyes,
Albeit vnused to the melting moode,
Drops teares as fast as the *Arabian* trees,
Their medicinall gum; set you downe this,
And say besides, that in *Aleppo* once,
Where a *Maligunant* and a *Turbaned Turke*,
Beate a *Venetian*, and traduc'd the State;
I tooke by'th throate the circumcised dog,
And smote him thus. *He stabs himselfe.*

Lod. O bloody period.

Gra. All that's spoke is mard.

Oth. I kist thee ere I kild thee, no way but this,
Killing my selfe, to die vpon a kisse. *He dies.*

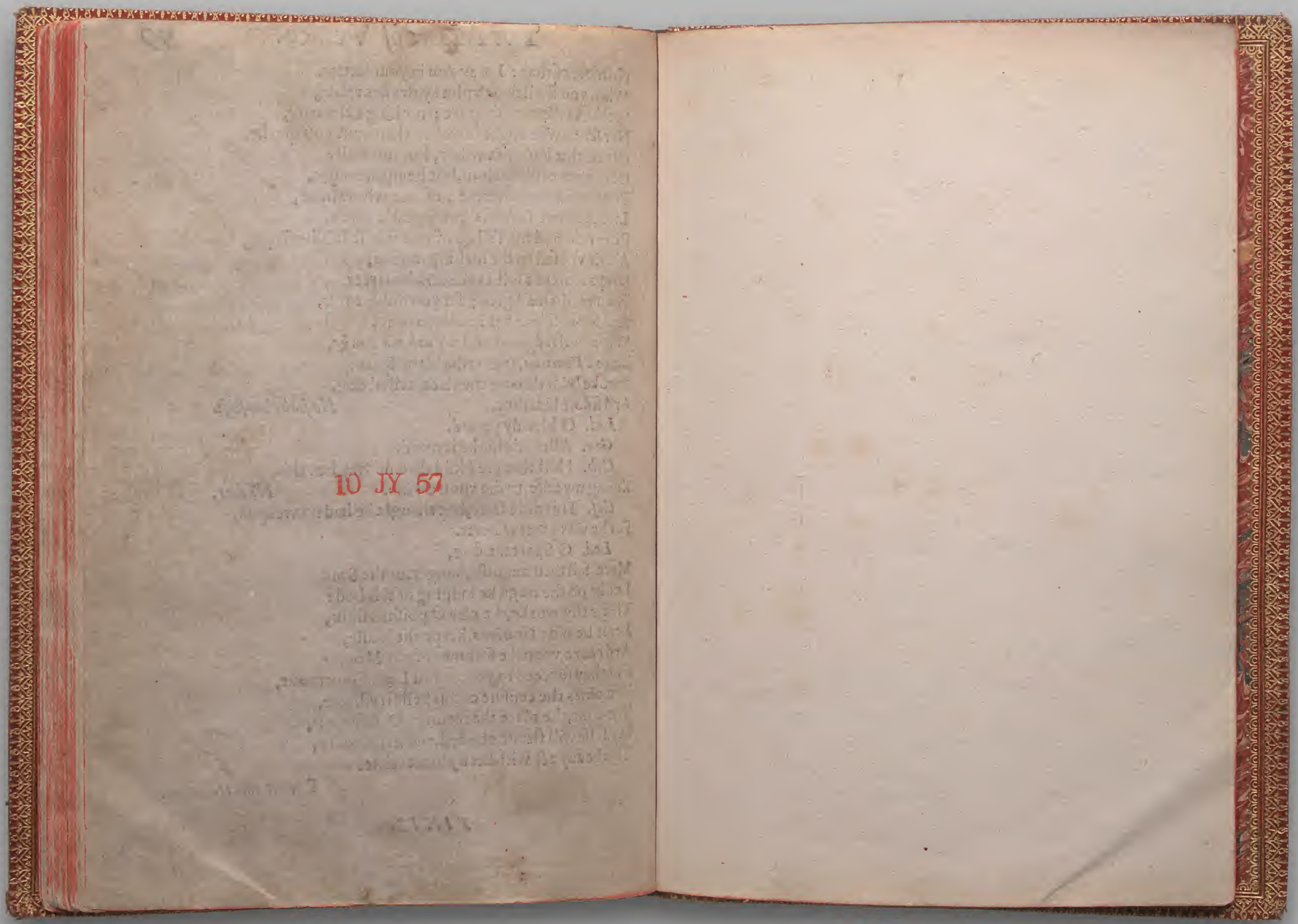
Cas. This did I feare, but thought he had no weapon,
For he was great of heart.

Lod. O Spartane dog,
More fell then anguish, hunger, or the Sea,
Looke on the tragicke lodging of this bed:
This is thy worke, the obiect poisons sight,
Let it be hid: *Gratiano*, keepe the house,
And ceaze vpon the fortunes of the Moore:
For they succeed to you, to you Lord Gouernour,
Remaines the censure of this hellish villaine,
The time, the place, the torture: O inforce it,
My selfe will straite aboord, and to the State,
This heauy act with heauy heart relate.

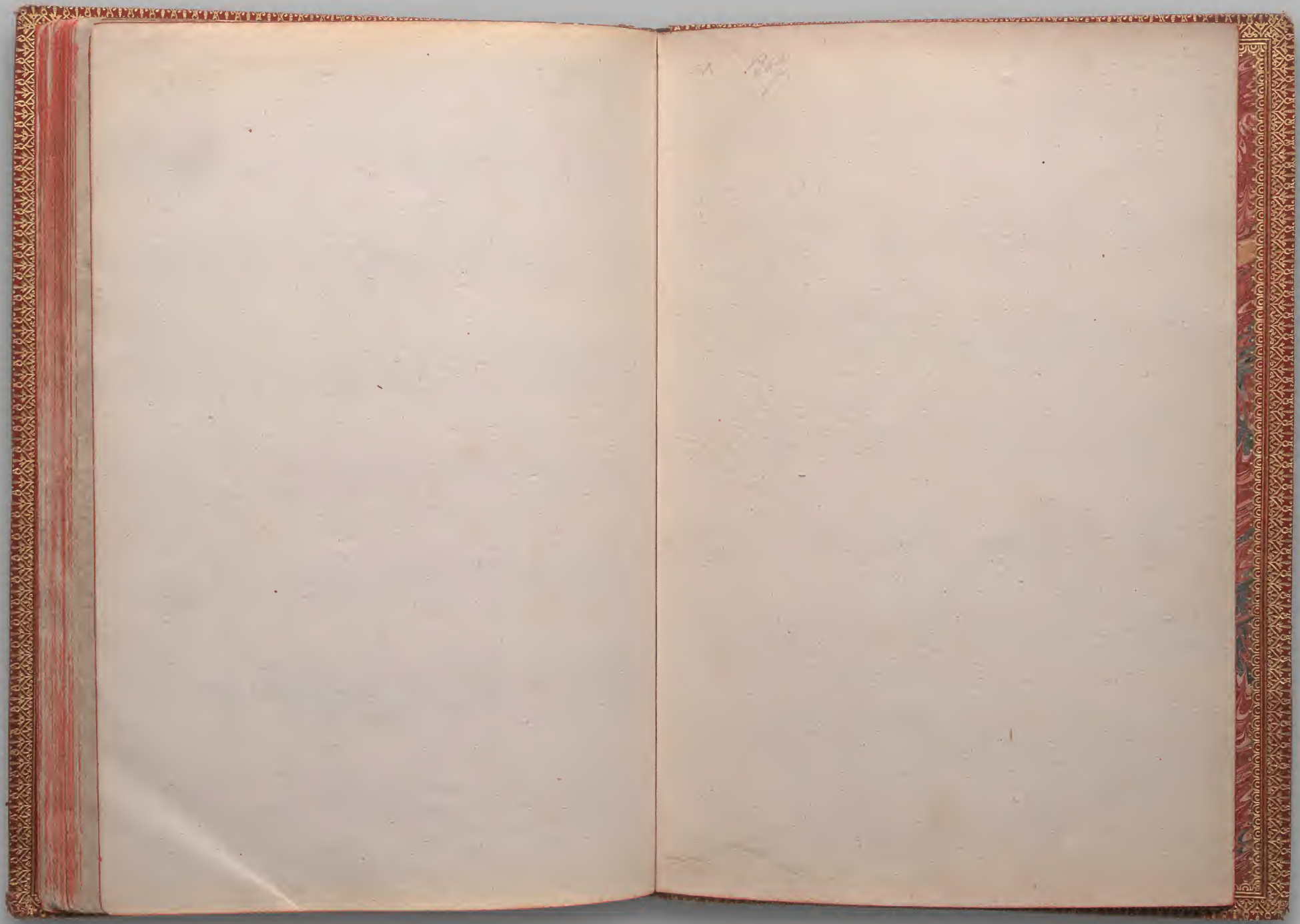
Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22305) LONDON, 1622 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.32) Octavo



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22305) LONDON, 1622 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.32) Octavo



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22305) LONDON, 1622 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.32) Octavo

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22305) LONDON, 1622 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.32) Octavo